

The Aldine

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HOLLO!—JOHN S. DAVIS.

THE ALDINE.

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IN THE WOODS.

THE sun is savage in sultry hollows,
The hill-side quivers with pulsing heat:
With dusty wings the drooping swallows
Are dotting the fence that lines the street.

I leave the town with its hundred noises,
Its clatter and whiz of wheel and steam,
For woodland quiet and silvery voices,
With a forest camp by a crystal stream.

O, shrewd are the ways of town and city,
Cunning in commerce and worldly wise:
But hearts grow hardened to human pity,
And tongues are given to thrifty lies.

The feathery arms of firs and spruces
Bend over the waters that glide beneath,
And marsh flowers by the quiet sluices
Infold their sweets in a golden sheath.

And a little canoe of fairy lightness
Floats silently down the limpid stream,
Where the norland birch, in its snowy whiteness,
O'erhangs the ripples that gleam and gleam.

O peaceful and sweet are forest slumbers,
The fragrant couch with the stars above,
As the free soul marches to dulcet numbers
Through dreamland valleys of song and love.

For ever at night a Dorian goddess
Glides into my camp with bird-like song,
In loosened tresses and starry bodice
She rests by my side the whole night long.

She cools my forehead with dainty fingers,
And smooths the wrinkles from brow and face,
With a gentle palm, whose memory lingers
About my spirit in every place.

On emerald banks thick strewn with pansies
We loiter away the dreamy time,
And she dowers my soul with woodland fancies
That sprout and blossom in rustic rhyme.

Why should I covet the laureate guinea,
Or envy the muse that is held in fief?
I sing the ballads she prompts within me,
And have no spite for the "greener leaf."

With the loftier bards I have no quarrel,
I envy no brow its wreath of bays.
I know it is mine to miss the laurel,
And the "greener leaf" that hangs—and pays.

Poor? I am poor as the mice in churches,
And cramped and harassed by want and debt;
Dreading the chill east wind that searches
My tattered clothing in cold and wet.

But well content if the golden hours
And the sylvan pleasures will only hold;
For if wealth were the highest of earthly dowers
I think I should have more land and gold.

And I rest in the faith that each good fellow
Will sometime dwell in another land,
Where hearts that are generous, true, and mellow,
Will know each other, and understand.

—Geo. W. Sears.

OCTOBER.

MANY weeks have passed since the first anemone cast its shadow on the floral dial. Day after day have new blossoms chronicled the fleeting hours, while the petals of the old were scattered to the winds. None of the modest faces we welcomed in April remain to smile upon us now; but still the woods are as beautiful as ever. Now, in the maturity of the season, the few flowers that remain have a more staid and dignified appearance than the fragile species which recorded the early hours of spring. The regal stars of the asters sparkle in white and blue, and golden-rods stand in yellow splendor by the walls, or gleam from out the thickets. The beautiful fringed gentian may yet be found, and happy is the stroller who discovers it. No one can gaze into its "sweet and quiet eye," without feeling calmer and better. It is perfectly in keeping with the October days—those dreamy, hazy, perfect days which put to shame all others of the year. Generally we find it with its fringes interlaced and beaded with dew; but often it will be seen wide open, gazing hopefully into the blue heaven from which it came. The sweet maiden's tresses are still in flower, and we may find other blossoms unwilling to depart. The humbler

weeds, like the dandelion, which often has a second season of blooming, the fall-dandelion, the self-heal (*Brunella*), and others, may be found even later, according to the clemency of the season.

The seedling species bear aloft in fantastic caskets their offering of fruit. Here we see the long white plumes of the clematis, trailing over a wall, or gracefully pendant from the branches of a tree; or the feathery *pappus* of thistle, or golden-rod, waiting for the breeze to bear it to its fate. Here are the red berries of the ilex, the waxen fruit of the bitter-sweet, or a coral cluster which that vain preacher, Jack, has left at the bottom of his pulpit.

But the splendor of October consists, not in the flowers which linger for its precious weather, but in the marvelous beauty of the foliage. Each year it is a surprise and a delight. We know, to be sure, that certain hickories, or maples, will deck themselves in yellow, or in red, but we never can foresee the caprices in which they or other forest trees will indulge. Memory, too, will fail to retain an impression of these vivid tints. It takes the full glory of the sun to develop them, and we who live in cities, and have but a furtive peep at nature in the hot midsummer, have no conception of her power when she really attempts the gorgeous. The visitors to the mountains leave the city just at the time when they could probably be most comfortable in it, and return at the period when the country begins to be attractive. Those who wander into northern New York or New England, or, better yet, into Canada and the Provinces, at this season will see the forests in their grandeur.

One of the earliest trees to color is the tupelo, which will present simultaneously leaves of glossy green, and others of a brilliant scarlet, or crimson. In midsummer often we will find a branch of glowing yellow on an elm-tree, and now the whole mass of foliage is golden; so is that of some of the maples, the hickories, which vary into russet and orange, and the birches. A solitary red maple here and there is ablaze with ruddy light; in its peculiarly gorgeous panoply it is an aristocrat, even among its proud companions. The green-brier is in yellow costume, individual leaves deepening into orange, and even red, and often blotched and spotted with a rusty brown. The Virginia-creeper (*Ampelopsis*) turns its scarlet streamers around the lichened bole of some tall evergreen, and losing itself in the dark masses of leaves, appears again high up in air, swaying gently in the wind. No vine can be more elegant than this, nor is it at all conceited. It will reveal its beauty, as well upon the walls of a city mansion, as upon the cliffs or trees of the forest. Next to it for grace, in expression and perfection of tint, are undoubtedly the various species of sumac; but of some of these we must be careful, as they are to certain persons virulently poisonous. The finest of them all is the most dangerous. It is the swamp-dogwood, a small tree found in damp or marshy places, with long pinnate, tropical-looking leaves, which on the same tree will present all shades of color, from green, through yellow and orange, to crimson. The mid-rib is a bright-red, and seems like a silken cord to bind the gem-like leaves together. There is a perfect fascination about this tree. The colors are so intense that the most cautious are tempted to view them nearer, often to their after sorrow.

We must not forget in our enumeration the smaller shrubs, like the huckleberry bushes, and the tangles, which now fill a subordinate place in the landscape, but which, with the oaks will soon have the picture to themselves. Let us go to the country some morning later in the month, ere the mists have arisen from the valleys, and we will find the after glow of the forest as enticing as its full autumnal splendor. The mists, by the way, are among the especial October charms. As we stand upon some height, and look into the valley, dotted with its farms and villages, we can trace the course of the vivifying rivers and streams by the fog that hangs above them. As the rays of the sun become more perpendicular, these clouds break up, and little pieces of them get lost in corners, and cannot escape. Masses of vapor will long remain in the lower hollows, and it is pretty to see the leafy tops of trees projecting above the clouds like islands in a tropical sea.

It is not fair to take a single leaf of any tree, however splendid, and make a study of it alone. Although such a selection may often be intrinsically beautiful, we should view the foliage in the mass, as Nature presents it. Thus seen, there is nothing that can give one such a sense of calm, of rest, of perfect and ennobling enjoyment.

—W. W. Bailey.

A LAST VISIT TO LEIGH HUNT.

THE last time that I saw Leigh Hunt was in the year 1854 or '5—I forget which—but I remember well that James Russell Lowell drove from the door in a Hansom cab, just as I set foot upon the curbstone. Mr. Hunt was then living in a small, unpretending cottage at Hammersmith. There was the tiniest possible garden in front, which blossomed with the usual English garden flowers in great profusion. The windows were overhung with honeysuckles, and large red clusters of beautiful monthly roses looked lovingly through the panes, and dropped in festoons over the trellis-work round the door. Upon the window-ledge inside were several flower pots tastefully arranged, and delightful in their color and greenery. Let the reader imagine, therefore, that he has passed through the archway of flowers, and that he stands in the actual presence of the now venerable bard and man of letters. Let him picture to himself a long, narrow, and dimly lighted room, on the ground floor, with the poet before him, ensconced in his ample chair; the ceremony of greeting over—and the joy of communion, not of gossip, in the due course of fruition. It is, as I have hinted, a moderate sized room, scantily furnished, but carpeted from end to end; with a large table strewn with new books, magazines, pamphlets, and the morning papers; a bookcase, curtained by a green cloth, stands against the side wall to the left of the poet; and, in the middle of the room, there is a sliding door partition, which, when closed, forms another room to this floor, although it is now open, revealing at the end of it a glass door which looks upon a little grass plot, in the centre of which is a small green hillock.

As I said, the room was darkened, and chiefly by the thick leaves and blossoms of the flowers which so sweetly welcomed us in the windows, as we sat there, face to face with the old man musical and eloquent. And it was a picture to be remembered; for he, then seventy-one or two years of age, sat upright in his chair, arrayed in a long, dark gown or gaber-dine, with a large cape over his shoulders fastened by a tasselled cord in front; his iron-gray hair parted, as he wore it all through his life, in the middle, and his collar turned down *a la Byron*, or "*a la ipse*," and with a sweet smile upon his face which seemed to say "God bless you" to everybody. During this visit I was accompanied by one of the most beautiful women in London, a recognized beauty, who had the profoundest reverence for Mr. Hunt, and who prayed that I would introduce her to him that "she might have the pleasure of shaking hands with the dear old man," as she said, "before he went over to the immortals." And as soon as he had recovered his breath and self-possession, after she had magnetized him with her glorious black eyes, he said, with his usual generosity and kindly sympathy, and strong desire to confer pleasure upon all with whom he came in contact—"I so heartily wish you had been here a half hour sooner, Mr. Searle, for I should then have had the pleasure of introducing to you one of the most charming, witty, genial, and scholarly men of letters, American born and educated, that it has been my good luck to meet with. And when I tell you that I allude to no less a person than James Russell Lowell, the great American poet that is going to be, your regret will, I have no doubt, be as great as mine. His volume of poems, just reprinted in this country, is the best introduction he could have for the present to cultivated English society, and he will become a Yankee classic, or I am no judge of the poetic ichor." This led to a general flying review of the chiefs of the Fourth Estate in America; and it was very curious to hear his critique upon some of our most holy idols, tumbling down the highest, and setting up above them, not the lowest, perhaps, but those of whose genius and performances we as a people (not very critical), have extolled high up Olympus. Bancroft was the embodiment of Carlyle's *Dryasdust*; Emerson, a purloiner of other men's thoughts, from Plato to Plotinus, Bacon, Montaigne, and Goethe—Coleridge, with Carlyle, and all the prior batch of mystics thrown into his insatiable maw—whose chief originality consisted in the new setting of the stolen jewels which is often a surprise of art, the artist working in the purest gold and silver. Prescott, a drawing-room Apollo, and Beau Brummell of historic composition, etc. And yet Mr. Hunt always contrived to put in so many saving clauses, the dictates of his good heart, after his intellect had spoken, that it was almost as good to be snubbed as to be glorified by him. We had a delightful talk about

Shelley, and, as might have been expected, he was lavish in his expressions of love and reverence for his devoted friend. He said that he still received his annuity of £100 which Shelley requested might be paid to him by his successor to the title and estates; and "as an act of justice to me for the robbery which the last George government inflicted upon me when they put me into limbo for two years, and made my fine and costs come to £2,000, because in copying a bit of pleasant satire from the *Morning Post* into the *Examiner*, which called George IV an 'Adonis,' I merely added the words, 'of fifty;' I say, as an act of justice to me for this robbery, a more modern government gave me an annuity of £200; and although the help came late it was very welcome, and has enabled me to pay off old debts, help a friend with a trifle now and then, and keep the wolf from the door. And yet," he added, "you will be amazed to hear, no doubt, that this is the first quarter day since my return, thirty years ago, from Italy, which will find me ahead of my tradesmen in the matter of daily subsistence."

My lady friend was deeply moved at this pathetic recital, and expressed herself rather more savagely than sweetly over it. "And yet," said Mr. Hunt, "you would not have thought, if you could have seen me in that Horsemonger Lane jail, that I was very badly treated; nor would you have known, if you had not been told, that it was a jail at all where I was confined. They gave me permission to adorn and decorate my prison as I pleased, and I converted it into a garden with landscapes stretching beyond, and pictures were hung all over the walls. I was, moreover, honored by the personal calls of some of the highest men of rank and intellect in the country. Byron came to see me, and Shelley wanted to raise funds to pay off our fine, for my brother was included with me in the prosecution. We kept on editing and publishing the *Examiner*, until our term of imprisonment was over, when Fonblanque got hold of it, and I went to Italy, to join Lord Byron and Shelley in the editorship of the *Liberal*."

This opened the way for a very interesting talk about that luckless adventure. The lady said that she had never had the slightest respect for Byron since she read the account, in *Byron and His Contemporaries*, of the treatment which Mr. Hunt received from the noble bard. "Shelley amply made up for it," said Hunt, "by his abounding love." He said, too, that he was, on many accounts, sorry that he wrote that book; and thought that, perhaps, he had been too hard on Byron, although the indignities which he endured at his hands were hard for a man, and especially a sensitive man and a poet, to bear. His love for Keats was expressed in the tenderest and most pathetic language. He said, if Keats had lived he would have been second to no modern poet. My lady friend asked him, subsequently, when the conversation turned once more upon his residence in Italy, and brought up Shelley's name again, whether it was really true that, at the burning of the poet's body, his heart would not consume? He said that such was the fact; and that Byron made some grim remarks about it, and that he was in a state of high fever excitement during the whole scene of the cremation, although he tried hard to appear cool and unconcerned. "That was then the reason, no doubt," said the lady, "that, when all was over, he sprang into the sea, and swam off to his yacht lying at anchor some four miles away; and I hoped he cooled himself sufficiently." Mr. Hunt then gave us a most graphic and heart-rending picture of the dreadful ceremony, and confessed that he was so deeply moved himself that he could not restrain his emotion, and had to bury his face in the carriage. Even Byron, he said, could not stand the last of the burning body. It was too horrible. For all the men assembled there upon that desolate seashore were friends of the noble and almost Godlike man who once dwelt in that consuming body. And, in spite of all that has been said about the romance and poetry of this old custom of burning, it strikes me as a most revolting spectacle. Shelley's friends, it is true, had to extemporize the apparatus of his burning, and found it hard work to accomplish their object in the open air, under that fierce and terrible sun. This made it a more shocking sight than it would have been had the machinery been perfect and concealed from sight. As it was, it was like an old-time martyrdom, and some of the incidents attending it were inconceivably appalling. The body fell apart towards the close of the tragic scene, and the worst features in it were not witnessed by Mr. Hunt, although they were related to him afterwards by

Trelawny, whose iron nerves and will enabled him to remain to the end, and to conduct, indeed, the whole ceremony. Mr. Hunt shuddered visibly, as he told us that the poet's brain, which had so often seethed with the divine fire from Heaven, literally seethed and bubbled in the exposed skull, as it was seen to rest on the molten bars of the furnace. It seemed to resist the fire as with a supernatural energy of life, and Trelawny describes it as boiling, and refusing to evaporate for a long time. The skull and some bones were unconsumed, and so, he said, was the heart, which Trelawny snatched from the fire, at the peril of losing his right hand.

Mr. Hunt was very eloquent, being inspired, perhaps, by the beauty of the splendid woman before him. He showed us a few shreds of Milton's hair—"all I have left of a once beautiful glossy curl, the rest having been given to dear friends." He showed us also the autographs of Shelley and Keats. He once had quite a number of Shelley's autographs, but they went the way of Milton's hair, and he had only one left, which he kept as a sacred treasure, which indeed it was.

Allusion was made to his "Old Court Suburbs," in two volumes, which he had just published; and presently, with a sunny smile on his face, he asked permission to leave the room for a short time, and in another moment we heard him springing up stairs with the light foot of a young man, and when he returned he brought with him a copy of the book we had been speaking of, and writing his name in it begged my acceptance of it. I was at that time accumulating facts, new and old, for a life of Shelley, and he gave me some valuable notes and suggestions, and related anecdotes concerning Shelley's intimacy with Byron. He subsequently reached down a copy of Galignani's "Byron, Shelley, Coleridge and Keats," and, cutting the memoir of Shelley from the book, he presented it to me, adding, "The facts herein related are trustworthy so far as they go, as a skeleton of the poet's history."

About this time there happened a very pretty little fairy scene, as an episode to the interview. When the poet had ensconced himself in his chair once more, there came flashing through the glass door at the end of the room a tiny fairy of a girl, about six years of age, dressed in white, with long black hair falling in glossy wavelets over her shoulders, and a blue sash round her waist. She flew across the room to Leigh Hunt, and, climbing on his knee, began to caress him in the tenderest manner, patting his cheek, and calling him her "dear grandpa!" It was a pretty picture in itself—the grand-daughter and the grandfather, so striking in the contrast of their presentments, so loving and affectionate. "This is my eldest son's second daughter," I think he named her, "and you see that we are excellent good friends." "Yes!" said the child, "that we are, dear grandpa, for you never say cross words to me, and tell me I'm naughty as the rest do, and that makes me love you so." And then the little gay creature began to kiss his venerable cheek, and press her head upon his breast; and, in short, it was easy to see he had spoiled her with his petting and fondness. During the rest of the conversation she was in and out like a pretty white butterfly, always finding rest at last on her grandpa's knees. My lady friend took a great liking for her, which indeed was reciprocal, and some pleasant and characteristic things happened which I have no space to repeat here.

When we were leaving, I think it was, the lady before spoken of, with many blushes and excuses, whispered me that she should so like to kiss the poet's hand—that dear hand, she said, which connected with Byron and Shelley, Keats and Coleridge, Lamb and Sir Walter Scott, and all the great men and women of the first half of the nineteenth century. So I told Mr. Hunt in the most gentle and loving words I could find what the wish of the lady was. And he, with the high courtly breeding of the poet, and the smallest possible confusion of voice or manner, said: "Nay, Madam, it would indeed do me too much honor. But allow me the privilege of an old man and a poet by permitting me to kiss your hand instead." And accompanying the words with the action; he took her snow-white hand in his, and just touching it with his lips, bowed gracefully; but she was so overcome by the unexpected incident and its pathetic accompaniment, that she fell upon his shoulder and wept aloud—woman like!

Just before this pretty piece of genuine melodrama occurred, Mr. Hunt told us a story about a certain ecclesiastic which, as I thought and still think, was

very creditable to both parties. It happened at a twelve o'clock champagne breakfast at the town house of Richard Monckton Milnes, M.P., during many years for Pontefract, and now Lord Houghton. Mr. Hunt got into conversation with a ruddy-faced, intelligent, and most genial gentleman, who interested him very much. The talk ran on the church, and Hunt being a very liberal, though radical thinker, let loose some propositions which were astounding to his companion, from their dreadful heterodoxy. I ought to say that neither of them was personally known to the other; and the ruddy looking gentleman expressed his utter dissent from the views of Mr. Hunt. I forget how it happened to come up, but Mr. Hunt's recently published book entitled the "Religion of the Heart" (I think) was by some hook or crook lugged into the argument; the gentleman, very good humoredly, dissenting from the doctrines propounded in it, and Mr. Hunt defending it. The former said that he could not imagine how so pleasant, moral, and beautiful a writer as Leigh Hunt was in the *Indicator*, and in his poems, should have composed a book so injurious to his reputation. Mr. Hunt replied that he suspected, and had long suspected Leigh Hunt to be an indifferent theologian, although he had always believed him to be an honest and sincere man, and that he had good reason to know from private sources that the book in question was a genuine reflex of his mature convictions.

"Ah!" cried the gentleman, "then you know Mr. Hunt?"

"I know something of him; about as much I suppose as anybody does; and there is one good thing about him at all events, that he can neither be bought nor flattered into lying and hypocrisy."

"Which," interrupted his friend, "as this world goes, is I acknowledge high praise. So, if you please, we will drink to Leigh Hunt's good health—and to the bettering of his theology."

"With all my heart!" was the reply. And at this moment Monckton Milnes came up, and shaking hands with both gentlemen, he said to the ecclesiastic, "Allow me to congratulate you, my lord, that you have so charming a companion for the nonce as my much esteemed friend Leigh Hunt."

"What!" he exclaimed, "are you Mr. Hunt? Well, that is a good joke—a capital joke! Why, Milnes, my dear fellow," he added, addressing "our good Richard," as Carlyle calls him, "here have this gentleman and I been compelling Leigh Hunt to run the gauntlet of cuff and criticism for the last half-hour, touching his execrable theology, as displayed in the 'Religion of the Heart!' And now, my saturnine friend here turns out to be the very man. Give me your hand, sir," he exclaimed with honest feeling, "I like an honest man, even though he sticks my cloth full of his arrows, and every arrow makes a hole." It was a manly recognition on both sides, and when the party broke up the two gentlemen, now friends, exchanged cards, and Leigh Hunt was astounded to find that the ecclesiastic he had talked so freely to was the Lord Bishop of Bangor—"one of the most brave and generous, liberal, and learned men I have met with," said Hunt, "in my life time. He pressed me earnestly to pay him a visit," he added, "and I should be glad to have reckoned such a noble, genuine fellow among my friends, but I am too old now for that sort of thing."

—January Searle.

HOLLO!—How many a loiterer, in the leafy shade of the greenwood, has heard this salutation from some poaching urchin, as a turn in the forest path brings him suddenly into view. The tone is a mingling of surprised but hearty welcome, and a complacent self-consciousness that betrays the young fellow's estimate of his own importance, where such small game as squirrels, rabbits, or robins are concerned. He's the boy for such game, and he knows it! Perhaps the slight tinge of friendly bravado implies an admission that he is supposed to be, and ought to be, at this blessed moment, hard at work in school—but you are not the one to whom he owes an account of his deeds or misdeeds. And if we are inclined to chide, let us do so for the sake of appearances, as many, very many chidings are now-a-days impelled, but let us temper our moralizing with the thought that we were all boys once, and naughtiness is very tempting at times. The green shades and by-ways may even yet tempt us aside from the hard forms of our life school, and we may go squirrel shooting some day.

THE HEART OF THE ADIRONDACKS.

It is now the time when summer tourists, surfeited at last with out-door life, are setting foot again upon the city pavements, and finding new pleasure in the life and labor of the town. The men are laying down the rod and rifle, and taking up the ruler and the pen; it will require a season's bleaching within their confines to remove the tan from their faces, or bring down their brawny hands to the size of the gloves they wore last spring. The women are rejoicing in the kaleidoscopic glory of autumnal fashions. The boys are singing, "O, ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness!" and the girls are longing—but who shall interpret the mingled, delightful anticipations of a young girl's fancy—maiden-free? Although the reign of Nature is thus, for many of us, at an end until another year, such pictures as Mr. Vance's sketches of Adirondack scenery are none the less enjoyable even now. We look at them with the pleasure which travelers, bringing home photographic views of famous places they have visited, have stored up for their future idle hours. They keep fresh the memory of the beauty we have seen, and assure us, again and again, that our summer pilgrimages were not enchanted dreams.

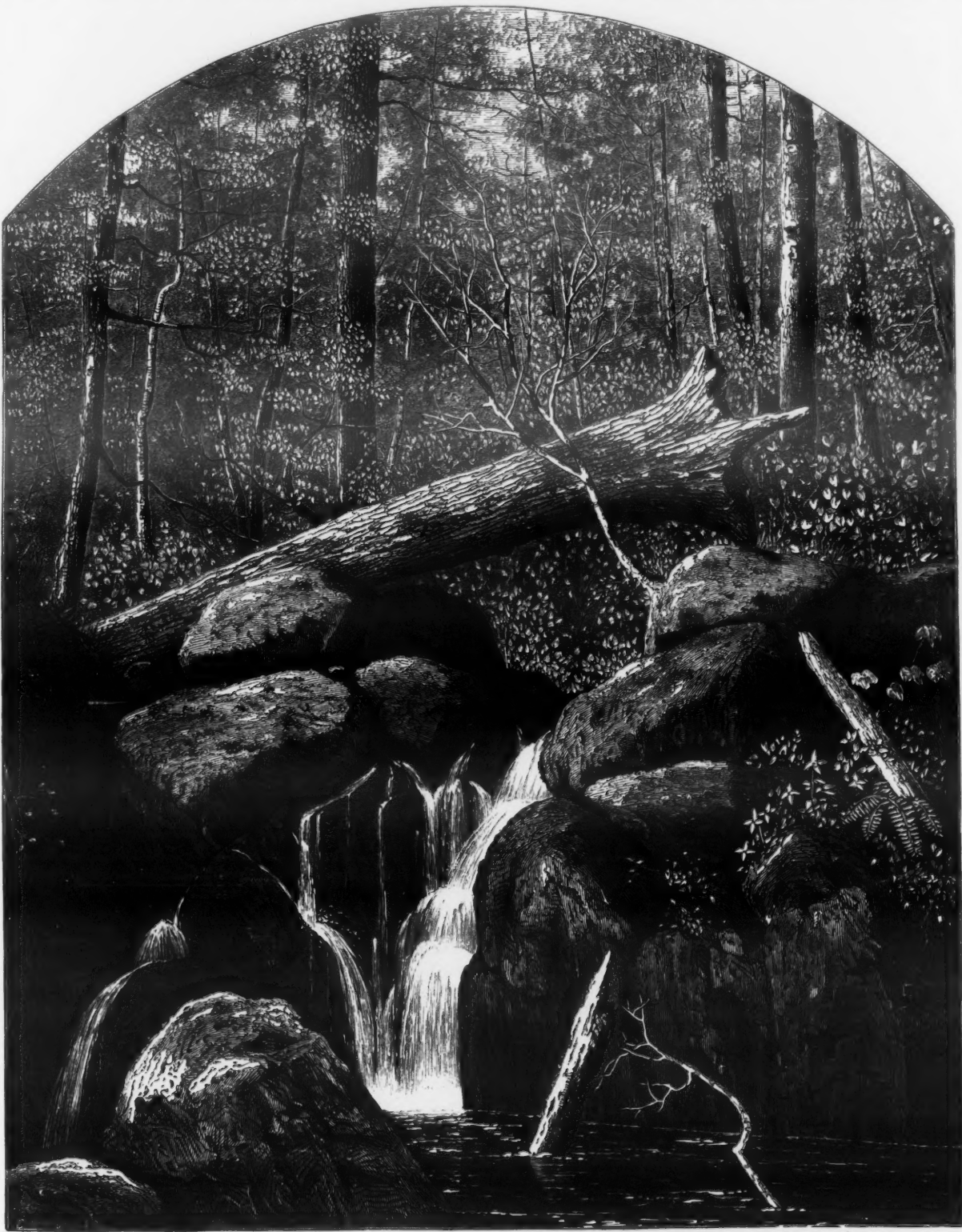
Even the malign effect of Mr. Murray's Adirondack romance has not disturbed the sensible popular conviction that, after all, the region where its scene is laid, is the noblest of the forest parks whose waters find an outlet to the Atlantic. The mountains which form a lofty western wall to Lake Champlain, and the great northern wilderness, extending from their skirts to the blue waters of Ontario, and to the Mohawk Valley on the south, are still an almost exhaustless reservoir of health, of backwoods' sport, and (what more concerns the readers of *THE ALDINE*), of primeval beauty, for the landscape-artist to study and reproduce with pencil or brush. A cat may look at a king, and even in the Old World there is little restriction upon the sketcher's wanderings and works. But, speaking of game, we, who are born to the freedom of the woods, and inherit a hunting-ground so large that poaching is a crime unknown to our calendar, scarcely can appreciate the delight of a middle-class European, who discovers that, among the Adirondacks, he has the right of venery over millions of acres, and may kill deer and

trout in their season, with no gamekeeper to say him nay. We have a friend who occasionally laments that his lease of life was not dated from the middle of the next century, when men will navigate the air, and our present refinement will seem a kind of barbarism; yet he consoles himself with the reflection that, to our successors of the fifth generation, the delightful zest of hunting natural game, in aboriginal forests, will be quite unknown. This joyous liberty then will have gone forever; the land will be so thickly settled that the chase of fin, foot and feather, can only be followed in preserved waters and artificial parks. Fishing in

true, can not be destroyed, nor the abrupt sheer of the broken cliffs which guard their approaches. But to reach what admirers of the northern wilderness have taught people to look for, one must penetrate quite within the *terra disputata* along its borders. Then, if he goes far enough and wisely, even if the trout do not fasten themselves upon his hook, and the deer curiously refrain from crowding about his shanty, awaiting their turns to be shot, he will at least behold the immemorial forest: the fir-tree uplands, where the dark-green conical balsam branches dip in the edges of a thousand ponds; where the ground is

covered with a yielding depth of moss, and everywhere spotlessly clean and pure; where the waters are blue as steel; where spring-fed lakelets are hoarded among woody heights that utterly surround them, and repose each like water in the bottom of a malachite bowl, or are open mirrors, engarlanded in framework of white and golden lilies, among which the royal antlered race wade and splash and nibble, at twilight of every sultry eve and morn.

In qualities of this kind, and in dryness and healthfulness of air, the Adirondack wildwood cannot be surpassed. Perhaps no other region displays so broad a combination of the various features we seek for in an upland sojourn, although more than one of its rivals comes out very strong, as Mark Tapley would say, in attractiveness of a special kind. Its peaks are not so lofty as those of the White Mountains, and there is nothing among them to equal, for example, the abrupt grandeur of the scenery around the Franconia and Crawford Notches. The nearest approach to this is in the neighbor-



THE GLEN.—F. T. VANCE.

the former is but a mockery of Cleopatra, whose carp were fastened by divers to her silver hook; and hunting in a *parc aux cerfs*, over the velvet lawn, may do for pampered, encostumed courtiers, but not for a keen-scented, sharp-eyed inheritor of the Indian's torrents and unshorn forest-glades.

Large portions of the Adirondack tract, however, are in that disagreeable transition state, between their normal wilderness and the finish of a settled region, which makes them less attractive than they would be in either condition. The edges disappoint the average fair-weather tourist, having been lumbered over and burnt over until they put on the barren, scrawny aspect, which is so repulsive a phase of border scenery. The clearness and sparkle of their waters, it is

hood of the difficult "Indian Pass." On the other hand, "Echo" and "Profile" lakes, at Franconia, are but types of hundreds of equally picturesque sheets of water, scattered throughout the whole distance from the Black River to the Saranac. Plymouth County, Massachusetts, described at some length by the writer of the "Old Colony Letters," in last summer's *Tribune*, is thickly spangled with lakelets, and its woods are almost uninhabited. But the Massachusetts' wilderness is within the low, monotonous, sandy reaches of the sea-coast; the borders of its ponds are not so elevated and picturesque as those of the Adirondack waters; nor do they bloom beneath that marvelous northern atmosphere, now transcendent as the ether, and anon magical with haze and the mirage of the

hills; nor are they overhung with such lustrous radiance of sunset in the early autumn days.

In August and September, by the way—as in almost any period of drought—an Indian-Summer mist or smoke is especially characteristic of the Adirondack woods. Homer Martin is fond of copying its effect, in pictures of his native landscape; and one whose youth was passed in this atmosphere hardly could paint otherwise. We have seen many of his lake and forest views that were faithful to the spirit of the scenes from which he idealized them, and yet were criticised as false to nature. But painters, no less than authors, are accustomed to be blamed for conscientious work, and to receive praise for what they feel to be their defects.

As everybody knows, the chief pastimes of the northern wilderness are trouting and deer-hunting. The first-named sport can here be enjoyed in all its varieties. You can fill your basket, if you choose, with an endless quantity of the lively small fry, which

Larger trout are now caught in Maine than in northern New York, and persons who seek the woods merely for the pursuit of angling, are more apt to go to Rangely than to the Racquette. For venison, however, the Adirondack is still unsurpassed; during the war its herds actually increased; the ranging-ground is immense, and completely thriddled with "run-ways," and, were it not for the slaughter caused by still-hunting in winter, for the market, this region should be the deer-hunter's favorite camping place for generations yet to come.

The most picturesque and facile entrance to the North Woods, undoubtedly is, as Mr. Murray states, by way of Keeseville, and along the Saranac. But this route and the interior to which it leads, have thus been made so well known, hunted over, and "improved" with hotels, that it is not the one we should choose to reach the innermost recesses of the wilderness—the more secure retreats of the trout and deer. Exactly where, however, the heart of the

with Max Tredo, unrivaled in the use of ax, rod or rifle—who was our faithful guide, philosopher and friend, during a golden month's encampment on the fir-covered stairs between the upper and lower Preston Ponds. The route thither is not a desirable one for ladies, as it includes some twenty miles of jumping corduroy road, but for an artist's or sportsman's tour no more delightful journey, as we remember it, could be undertaken. As Mr. Wemmick might say, let's describe it!

We first went to that established sketching-ground for artists, Lake George, not lingering at the stylish Fort William Henry hotel; though none will deny that a most entrancing trysting-place for young lovers is the broad veranda of that house, on a moonlight evening when the water at the foot of the lawn, and for miles northward puts on the loveliness of Como or Maggiore, and every white cottage along the shores seems made of marble and overhanging a fairy sea. We were not young lovers, however, and



LAKE HENDERSON.—F. T. VANCE.

swarm in the stony mountain-brooks; you can discover a plenty of middling-sized trout among the lily-pads that skirt the edges of the lakes, and they will leap merrily at the fly, when they are in the humor, especially at sunrise and sunset; best of all, you can find in the rivers, in June, or during the Dog-days, in the "spring-holes" and the deeper ponds, those noble, weighty, vigorous monsters of their kind, whose capture is the pride and tingling rapture of the true Waltonian. But in many portions of this tract the trouting is not what it used to be, and the fish are of that wary kind which "come not out but by prayer and fasting." There is enough choice trouting still known to the elect, but we confess that, although we have had our share of fishermen's luck in the Adirondack waters, we never yet have floated upon that "nameless creek," where Boston's reverend sportsman took with the fly nearly one hundred trout in forty minutes, varying in weight from one quarter of a pound to two pounds and a half, and ended by hooking three at once, weighing in the aggregate seven pounds—one of which he penitentially acknowledges to have lost.

Adirondacks may now be located, the present writer has no late experience that would enable him to say. Five years ago we knew where it then was, and kept very still about it, not wishing to attract too much attention to the happy hunting ground upon which we had encamped in solitude for a time sufficiently long, if it were public land, to have pre-empted it for our own; ay, and erected a dwelling on it superior to many a land-operator's cabin on a western "claim." Now, alas! everybody knows of the Preston Ponds, and it is not surprising that the artists at last have followed upon the sportsmen's track, and that we are enabled to present our large engraving of one of the exquisitely beautiful sheets of water bearing that name. It must be placed to the credit of the earliest New York sportsman who discovered these lacustrine gems, that he was an artist, and yet refrained for years from revealing their attractions to the outside world—guarding them as jealously as an Oriental guards his wife, and now and then, like some Candaules, admitting some Gyges to be a witness of his good luck. In such wise it was that Mr. Theodore R. Davis first made us acquainted with his chosen summer haunt, and

so pushed on to Fourteen Mile Island, the umbilical beauty spot of Horicon, with Tongue and Black Mountains before and behind it, and a hundred emerald islands on the right and left. This was the haunt of Gifford, Kensett, Hubbard and McEntee, and with some of these delicate spirits we lingered in the Land of Beulah for days and days—trolling for black bass, killing rattle-snakes, climbing the Tongue, looking over Gifford's shoulder as he caught the sunset glory on his canvas, or watching Hubbard as he transferred the quiet loveliness of the lake in its more composed and silvery moods.

One fine morning, we tore ourselves away, and sailed on the "Minnehaha," for the historic ruins of Ticonderoga. Thence we journeyed by a mountain wagon, across the hills, to the northern end of Schroon Lake, and so on to Schroon River, at the very feet of the Adirondacks, where Father Root long had kept a famous hostel, after the plain, honest, up-country style, now so rapidly becoming a fashion of the past. Here Max Tredo met us, rifle and ax in hand, and after some time passed in equipment, after a day's fishing down a mountain brook, and

a day more upon a dark deep pond in the vicinity, where large, sluggish, red-meated trout hugged the bottom, we traveled over the aforesaid corduroy-road, behind one of Root's vigorous matched teams, starting early in the morning; and at night we found ourselves lame from head to foot, but comfortably housed at "Hunter's," in the deserted Adirondack village, at the head of Lake Sanford, where a mine of iron ore was opened years ago, and worked until it ruined everybody who ventured money on its success. Here we rested for a day, in the midst of noble scenery, and trolled for the large and gamy pickerel, with which Lake Sanford abounds. (Fine sport, but not of the kind to detain us longer from our destination, close at hand.) Next morning our packs were made up, and we plunged into the woods. A "carry" of two miles brought us to Henderson, a lake of wonderful darkness and beauty, a glimpse of whose waters and precipitous shores is given herewith, in one of Mr. Vance's sketches. Near by is the rugged Indian Pass, through which the hunters travel from the northern to the southern side of the mountains, so that Preston Ponds, perhaps, might fairly be considered the Heart of the Adirondacks, even now, from their topographical location. Crossing Henderson in an ungainly scow, another "carry" of two miles, among huge trunks of trees, and under the dense shadows of the primeval woods, brought us to the upper pond. Here our guide's boat, a lightsome cedar shell, awaited us, and we were quickly shooting between the lofty fir-clung shores, at last, in the very stillness of the wilderness, with no sound to break the delicious silence, save the splash of our own oars, the leap of a gamesome trout, and the cry of a loon within a westering cove. At sunset we were building our lodge upon a clearing made for camp fires, that opened directly upon the lower and shallower of the two lakes. Here, with a cold, rippling stream beside us, with mountains and the dense fir forest all around, we lived for weeks in the highest physical and spiritual enjoyment. Trout and venison never failed us; the days flew serenely by; at night we gossiped before a roaring camp-fire, and, when the logs had changed to glowing embers, lay in our blankets upon couches of fragrant balsam twigs, and watched the August stars.

PRINCE AND PEASANT.

From the German.

A FEW years ago, a young Russian Prince, handsome, rich, of fine culture, and an amiable character, visited the baths of Liebenstein, in Thuringia. He led a quiet and secluded life, avoided fashionable society, and passed much of his time in solitary rambles about the hills and woods. One day, lost in thought, he was slowly sauntering near the ruins of an old castle, which stood among trees apart from the highway, when his attention was arrested by a pleasant voice calling to him from behind. He turned, and saw a beautiful peasant girl stepping briskly along the path by which he had come, in one hand holding a bunch of wild flowers (it was May), and in the other a handkerchief.

"Is this yours, sir?" she asked simply, and with a pleasant smile holding out the handkerchief.

He took it mechanically, surprised out of courtesy, for the moment, by the lovely apparition. The girl was tall, graceful in shape, and fresh and beautiful as the flowers she had plucked. Had the Prince been acquainted with English poetry he would have been reminded of Wordsworth's description of Lucy:

"she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

But being a Russian Prince, he only said to himself, "What a beauty she is!" Thuringian fashion, she wore a gay-colored kerchief wrapped turban-like about her head, concealing her luxuriant hair, but leaving her forehead exposed; while her tasteful peasant-dress set off her figure to the best advantage. She was already turning away when the Prince, coming suddenly to his senses, courteously thanked her for her trouble.

"There is nothing to thank me for," she answered with a pleasant smile; "it was no trouble to pick up a handkerchief."

"May I ask for whom you have gathered these flowers?"

"Only for home. To-morrow is Sunday, you know;

and I always like to have flowers in the window on that day."

While talking, they had approached the edge of the wood, and the Prince, from delicacy towards his companion, parted with her there; but not without having begged permission to visit her home on the morrow. It was granted with a charming frankness and simplicity that completed the conquest of his heart.

The remainder of the day passed heavily with the young Prince. Twenty times before night came, he wandered up and down the path where he had met the peasant girl; and when, after hours of restless waking, he fell asleep, it was still to dream of her. The next morning he went to church; but not to listen to the good village pastor, whose excellent sermon passed unheeded by his ears, while his eyes rested on a beautiful face, and his thoughts followed them. Leaving the church, immediately after service, he was proceeding to join the young girl and her parents, when he heard a familiar voice calling him by name. The next moment his uncle Dimitry had grasped his hand, and, in Russian manner, kissed him on the forehead, mouth, and both cheeks.

"Thank God, I have found you at last, my dear Alexander," he exclaimed, in a hearty voice; "I have been hunting for you more than an hour in this miserable village. But you don't seem to be very much elated by my coming. Am I in the way of any thing, young man?"

"No, dear uncle; I am only on my way to pay a visit."

"Oh, there's time enough for that. We will order dinner at the hotel, and meanwhile I can tell you about home."

Alexander followed his uncle to the hotel; but while they sat talking on the piazza it did not escape the experienced man of the world that his nephew was sitting on pins and needles all the time. More amused than vexed, he suddenly changed the conversation, and, by adroit questioning, soon discovered that Alexander had made no acquaintance with the guests, or with the resident families of rank and fashion. "Then where the devil have you thrown your heart?" he demanded at last, somewhat peremptorily: "for it is evident you are over head and ears in love. Fooling your time away with some pretty peasant girl, eh?"

"Now, my dear uncle"—

"Tut, tut, where's the harm? One must do something to kill time in such a hole as this."

"I don't see why you call it a hole," said Alexander, feeling a little foolish, and anxious to change the conversation. "I never saw more beautiful scenery, more romantic"—

"Quit your enthusiasm about beautiful scenery and romantic what-nots. I have been bored to death in the most beautiful place in the world, where I could not find people to my liking. I shall leave for Baden-Baden this evening, and leave you to pursue your love affair till you are tired of it. It is only a little past noon; go, to your inamorata, and return at four. Meanwhile, I will take a cigar, and amuse myself as best I can."

Alexander was not slow to obey. There was something in his uncle's tone and manner which made him feel uncomfortable, and he was glad to make his way to the little cottage where his quick eye had seen the peasant girl and her parents enter on their return from church. The family were just sitting down to their simple noonday meal; and he would have turned away, for fear of causing annoyance, had not the daughter caught sight of him. Her parents made him heartily welcome, and Marie—he now heard her name for the first time—placed a chair for him at the table. Simple as the meal was, the Prince thought he had never made so pleasant a dinner. He was charmed with the sterling good sense and frankness of the old people, whose respectful demeanor had nothing servile or fawning; and as for Marie, she was all grace and perfection in the eye of her adoring lover. After dinner, coffee was served in the little garden; and there they sat in delightful conversation until Alexander was compelled to keep his engagement with his uncle.

"Is that the young woman?" asked uncle Dimitry, later in the day, catching a blush on his nephew's cheek, as Marie and her parents passed them, on their way to afternoon service. "I must say you show good taste. How long, pray, have you known this wild flower?"

"Since yesterday," replied Alexander, with a conscious look.

"Since yesterday!" repeated the uncle in astonish-

ment; "and to-day courting in church, and a long visit at the house! Quick work, I must say. Your father wouldn't believe it, if I were to tell him; and to tell you the truth, I hardly believe it yet myself, you scape-grace."

Angered by the sneering tone in which these words were spoken, and still more by their implied slur on Marie, Alexander would have made a stinging retort; but he was able to master his indignation, and refrain from words that might recoil upon his beloved. Happily his uncle maintained his resolution, and that evening departed for Baden-Baden, leaving Alexander to make the best use of his opportunities. The Prince was not a dilatory lover. He made himself at home in the little cottage, which had become in his eyes more precious than a palace; and in order to be constantly near Marie, he would even go into the fields, where she and her parents were at work, and take part in their labor. It made people stare to see a Prince so madly in love with a simple peasant girl; and many shook their heads, and said it would turn out badly, while others called her a sly schemer, or something worse. But these were, for the most part, fashionable women, with marriageable daughters, who thought it a dreadful thing for a Prince to be in love with a peasant. Nobody had the courage to remonstrate with him; and if anyone had done so, it would only have increased his love for Marie.

The strangest part of the affair was that Marie herself was all this while ignorant of her conquest. She never suspected the Prince of loving her. The rich patients at a small watering-place like Liebenstein are apt to do strange things to pass away the time, and she thought it nothing extraordinary that the Prince, who had nothing else to do, should amuse himself with amateur farming. She knew that he liked her, and that she liked him, and that it was to both a pleasure to be together; of a warmer feeling she never dreamed. But the time came when she was undeceived. One Sunday evening, after church, she and the Prince were sitting together in the cottage garden, softly conversing. He had taken her hand, and was looking into her frank blue eyes, when, with a sudden and irresistible impulse, he threw his arm round her waist, drew her close to his side, and kissed her passionately on the forehead. "Dearest one!" he whispered, as the startled and surprised girl, tried to free herself from his embrace; "Dearest Marie, will you be my wife?"

"Your wife! O, sir, what have I done to deserve this from you?"

Alexander drew the trembling girl closer to his side. "My darling," said he, very tenderly, "you cannot believe that I do not mean what I say. In what way could I better show my respect, my trust, my love, than by making you my wife?"

"Ah, that can never be. You cannot make a fine lady out of a poor peasant girl like me. The gulf between us is too wide and deep."

"Marie is right," said her mother, who came into the garden in time to hear the last words, and who easily guessed what had been said before. "Such unequal marriages never come to good. No marriage is happy where the parents' blessing is withheld, and yours will never consent that you should marry a peasant girl."

The Prince would have protested strongly against this; but the mother, with a decision of tone which convinced him that nothing would change her purpose, begged him first to acquaint his parents with the story. "God knows you have become dear to us," she said; "but for Marie's sake and your own, it is best that their consent should be obtained before we talk any further. If theirs is granted, you may be sure ours will not be withheld."

This was so reasonable that the Prince could not but acquiesce, hard as it seemed from the lover's point of view. He could not, however, help stealing a look into Marie's eyes; and though she had not said a word since her mother came in, he knew from that moment that she also loved. With a silent pressure of hands the lovers parted.

11.

Prince Michael, Alexander's father, was every inch an aristocrat. He was born at least a hundred years too late. He would fall into a paroxysm of rage at the very whisper of the word liberty—for others. Of course he was violently opposed to the emancipation of the serfs, and would willingly have allowed the Czar to cut his ears off, if that would have given him the right to do the same for his dependents whenever he liked. He was not very amiable towards his delicate and loving wife, although it cannot be

said that he treated her with absolute harshness. She was very religious, and that pleased him. "We must maintain religion," was a favorite saying of his. He observed the church fasts and ceremonies with great regularity, and never passed a church or a saint's picture without making the sign of the cross. A deep drinker, like his favorite Peter the Great, he was vehemently religious when under the influence of liquor; and at such times he was very apt to mistake the village priest, his boon companion at the table, for a pestilent heretic, and to pummel him with great zeal. It often happened that this worthy ecclesiastic, whose beard and hair had never been trimmed, had a bottle broken over his head. But he endured the punishment with becoming meekness, for his stomach's sake, and frequently avenged himself upon his irritable patron by stealing a full bottle of his best brandy.

The only person in the world, of whom Prince Michael seemed to be really fond, was his brother Dimitry, a good-natured, reckless man of the world, who spent most of his time in the gambling saloons of Germany; his wife he only endured, while he almost despised his weakly son, who loitered about quiet watering places, avoided society, and would rather pass all his days in wandering about the woods, gathering flowers and observing birds and other pretty creatures, than take part in the boisterous sports in which his sire delighted. Pretending to believe that the boy would never pluck up heart to marry of his own accord, Prince Michael had already picked out a wife for him, the daughter of a rich, intriguing old countess; and the two parents arranged that the marriage should be celebrated as soon as Alexander should return from the baths of Liebenstein. Neither son nor daughter was consulted in the matter; they were not supposed to have either will or heart.

The wrath of Prince Michael, when his wife, timidly and with many misgivings, gave into his hands the letter in which Alexander declared his love for Marie, and begged permission to make her his wife, was something indescribable. He raved for an hour, like a madman; and then dispatched a furious letter to his son, enclosed in one to Dimitry, in which he commanded his brother to bring Alexander home without delay.

Dimitry at once obeyed. Without losing an hour he hastened back to Liebenstein, and immediately sought his nephew's lodgings. Alexander was away; but there was trusty old Peter, who had tended him as a child and always accompanied him on his travels.

"What, in heaven's name, has come over your master?" exclaimed Dimitry, taking the old man roughly by the shoulder, for he was thoroughly excited and alarmed.

"Heaven only knows! I'm sure I'm not to blame. How could I help his falling over head and ears in love with this peasant girl? I can't keep him away from her. He even goes into the fields, and helps her plant potatoes and cabbages!"

"Helps her plant potatoes and cabbages! Good God, Peter, do you think he has lost his senses?"

"I don't know. He is always good and kind to me; but he has no eyes for any one but that girl."

Still undecided what course to pursue, in order to break the news of his father's anger to the weak-minded boy, for such he thought him, Dimitry allowed old Peter to guide him to the field where his nephew, Marie and her father were at work. Alexander was the first to perceive his approach. With a sad foreboding at his heart, the young man greeted his uncle in a manner that attracted the others' attention. Marie's loving heart also divined something wrong, and she came instantly to his side. "Follow me to your mother's," he said gently; "this is my uncle Dimitry. He brings news from my father." Deeply moved, Marie spoke to her father, who immediately left his work, and, hand in hand with his daughter, followed the other two towards the little cottage. Not a word was spoken.

The good mother met them at the door. Dimitry greeted her with the utmost courtesy; her fine intelligent features, and the worth expressed in her kindly eyes, made a deep impression on him. "I am heartily sorry," he said, after the usual greeting, "that I must enter this house as the messenger of bad news. My nephew, whose love for your daughter I begin to understand, has entreated his parents to consent to his marriage with her. But his father has other views for him, and withholds his permission."

"I expected this," replied the mother, simply, but with true sorrow in her voice, "and have often told

your nephew that it must be so. It is not possible that a rich Prince should let his son marry a poor peasant girl. If I have let him be with my daughter every day, and to use our house as his own, it was because I could trust them both, and they were so happy together that I could not bear to part them. Your nephew has a right noble heart, and I am sure that I could not choose a better husband for my child. But the difference is too great, as I have often told them. Alas! I am afraid I have done wrong, for they love each other too well, and it will be hard for them to part."

Alexander and Marie sat near together; but neither spoke a word nor looked at the other.

Dimitry looked with true astonishment at the simple-hearted woman, and a sentiment of respect and admiration stirred his heart as he listened to her words. He felt that every word was true; that she was entirely free from intrigue and ambition, and had not in any way sought to entrap his nephew into marrying her daughter. "You are the best woman I ever saw," he said, warmly pressing her hand; "and what you have said makes my errand harder than ever. If I thought my brother could be persuaded to relent—but it is useless to speak of that. Alexander, here is your father's letter, read it for yourself."

An icy shudder ran through the young man's heart as his eye glanced rapidly over the contents of the letter. "O God! I have not deserved this!" he cried out, springing to his feet. "My father's curse, if I marry you!"

He fell unconscious at Marie's feet.

Very tenderly, very sorrowfully, the two women raised him from the floor and laid him on the bed. Marie bathed his temples with cool water, and old Peter went off on the run for a physician. A long fever succeeded, during which Marie and her mother never left his bedside except to catch short intervals of needed rest. Weeks passed before he came to himself. The first face he saw was his mother's; then he saw that she was sitting hand in hand with Marie, and deep peace and contentment filled his heart. By degrees he learned that his father's curse had been removed, and that his full consent to the marriage had been given.

"It comes too late," he whispered, pressing his mother's hand, and turning a loving look on Marie; "but I shall die happy with you here, and knowing that you love her, too. You will bury me here; will you not?"

The promise was given and kept; and every year, on the anniversary of her son's death, the Princess visits Liebenstein, to strew flowers upon his grave. She is never alone on these sad visits; for Marie is always at her side. Many times she has asked the young girl to go, as her dearly beloved daughter, to her Russian home; but Marie will not consent to leave her parents and her lover's grave. Nor will she accept any of the rich presents which Alexander's mother would gladly bestow upon her. Those which her lover had given her, in the first happy days of their acquaintance, she has treasured up as sacred relics. But she always wears a gold crucifix, his last gift, clasped about her neck by his dying hands.

—Helen S. Conant.

MOUSE SHOES.

"I KNOW I am a boy," said Lolly Dinks. "You have told me so often enough; but is that any reason why I should not have a pair of satin slippers, with blue rosettes and a gold ornament? How did you know that I was a boy when I was born? Ah, ah, Mrs. Mother—you did not know! Now may I have the slippers to wear to Ally's party?"

"When is it to be?" I ask.

"In a little while."

"I should as soon think of dressing up a mouse in satin shoes."

Lolly sits down near me, and presently a large tear of the first water rolls down his cheek. He neither snuffles nor sobs, but he pokes his forefinger first into one eye, then into the other, whether to increase or stop the flow of the tear duct, I cannot say; but his hand looks so desperately little, so inadequate to stem a tear tide even, and his whole self so limp and woe begone, that my heart melts within me. I long to give him a shoe shop. He discerns my mood; a cunning look comes into his limpid, beautiful eyes; he cocks his head to one side, and with a saintly smile says plaintively,

"I wish I had something to do. Can you tell me

what you did when you were young? or about that old man, Don Quixote?"

"I have told you everything over and over again. Go, play."

"Nothing to play with."

Lolly has a room in the attic, so full of play lumber that his theatre has to be kept in the passage outside, and the painter fell over it the other day, and dratted it.

"Get your picture Bible."

"Poo!"

"Lolly."

"Poo!"

I rise and shake my child, and feeling the extreme sharpness of his shoulder blades, am cut to the soul with remorse, as though with a pen-knife; but I go on with the shake, doing the business thoroughly. I was glad to hear the door bell ring, and to see little Ally herself, in a flutter of delight, with her shoes in her hand, which she had brought to me to obtain my approbation.

"Oh," said Lolly, with an indifferent voice, "they will answer for mouse shoes."

"You said, yourself, Lolly Dinks," she replied, hotly, "that you were going to beg your mother for a pair exactly like them."

"That was yesterday."

"It won't be to-morrow," she added triumphantly.

"Never mind, children; go to the play-room, now."

And off they went. I also went about my work, and left Ally's slippers on the table, and—they disappeared. We hunted the house for them—I perplexed, Ally tearful, and Lolly mysterious—so much so that I accused him of hiding the shoes with a malicious intention of teasing Ally, and revenging himself for my denial. But gone they were, at all events, and I was convinced that Lolly had nothing to do with their vanishing, when he seriously affirmed that a mouse had carried them off. This was the fact. An ambitious maternal mouse, overhearing my talk with Lolly, determined to procure them for her daughter, who was about to make her debut in the highest mouse circles. As soon as the room was empty, this mouse-mother called her daughter, who was busy behind the piazza, trying to make rats out of ravelings for a head dress, and rubbing their little paws with a bit of suet, to keep them smooth for the dance she was invited to that evening.

"Come quick, Micena, before the upright creatures return. I heard them talk about party shoes, and why should we not borrow them?"

"Ain't they lovely, Ma? I don't believe they are shoes; they look like those boats called yots; I don't want to go sailing, you know."

"Hush, I know best, I have been in the world a great while. Now I have nibbled two holes—put your fore paws through; there, that brings the rosette across your back *en pannier*. Be-au-ti-ful! Let your tail droop over the heel; the satin sides will hide your gray balmoral skirts."

"Oh, Ma," said Micena, panting, "how heavy the thing is, but it is so becoming! I look like a queen in her robes."

Mother and daughter hustled and tugged over the shoe, and finally reached home with it, so exhausted and sweaty that a cat smelled them from the garden wall, and made such a rush at their door, that they sat trembling and full of chills, till she was called away. A neighbor was then engaged to help tote the mate of the shoe, which was stored under a piece of matting. So Ally went home without her slippers, and was very melancholy for almost half an hour, but her party was a success. Four quarts of ice cream were eaten, and eighty lady fingers, and all the children played fair; nobody threatened to go home because they were not made enough of; and when Ally said her prayers she added a forgiveness to the mouse thief; for Lolly Dinks had made her believe that he should buy a trap with the money he had in the bank, and catch the bad mouse. It was different with the mouse party. Great pains were taken, but it proved a dull affair. It came off between the cross-beams of our parlor floor, and the hall was lighted by the gas penetrating the cracks. Micena was so overloaded with Ally's slipper that she found dancing very tiresome. No partner asked her a second time, she was so clumsy; and oh! how her tail ached with hanging over the edge, while her friends were so lively keeping time with theirs, whisking them about in every direction. In vain her mother tried to keep her courage up, by telling her she was the belle of the ball, and that her costume was perfectly unique. Micena shed tears, which soaked into the satin.

"I am mad enough," she said, "to gnaw this old blue bunch to bits. I cannot enjoy my supper; the cheese rinds and the bacon rinds came from Delmonico's, too, and the tickets cost sixteen dollars each. Ma, I do not believe in stolen finery."

Her mother looked gloomy. Was this the reward she deserved at her daughter's hands? When she had trifled with her honor, too; for never before had she stolen anything but food, and it was lawful to do that, by the old Mousna Charta, made hundreds of years ago, when the first Norse Rat sailed from Norway to England. Dear, dear, how low she felt! Micena's cup ran over, when two beautiful young men mice entered the ball room, and passed her coldly by, to be introduced to a little gray mouse, with a bit of yellow straw stuck in one ear by way of ornament.

"Your shoe might as well run down at the heel, and turn me out, Ma, now," said Micena.

"Hush, they are looking at you now."

One of the young gentlemen brought his tail round and kinked it in his eye, like an eyeglass, and muttered,

"It would be difficult to say where the shoe pinches there, but it does, evidently. What a slow party."

To this complexion had Micena come at last. The cruel little gray mouse giggled, and Micena fainted. Water was thrown over her, and the destruction of Ally's shoe was complete. Some friends helped the wretched couple into the dressing room, and extricated Micena from the shoe; but her tail was stiff with a hopeless neuralgia. Mrs. Musculus, our old friend, slyly shoved the shoe into a corner. "There's no such institution as mouse shoes," she remarked; "but these things may answer for the twins, the same as cradles. Where is the mate, Micena, dear?"

"I forbid any person's appropriating other people's property," said Micena's Ma, with the dignity of a Cæsar.

"Ho, ho," answered Mrs. Musculus, "how we apples swim!"

We found Ally's shoe on the piazza, afterwards, without speck or stain upon it; and Lolly Dinks wondered over it greatly, till I imparted these facts to him, I could not touch his moral sense.

"While they were about it, why didn't the mother mouse wear the other shoe to the ball, and so make herself look young, like her daughter? And why

didn't they call it a Fancy Ball, and pretend they were the *Goody Two Shoes* costume? That's the way I'd have gone."

—Lolly Dinks's Mother.

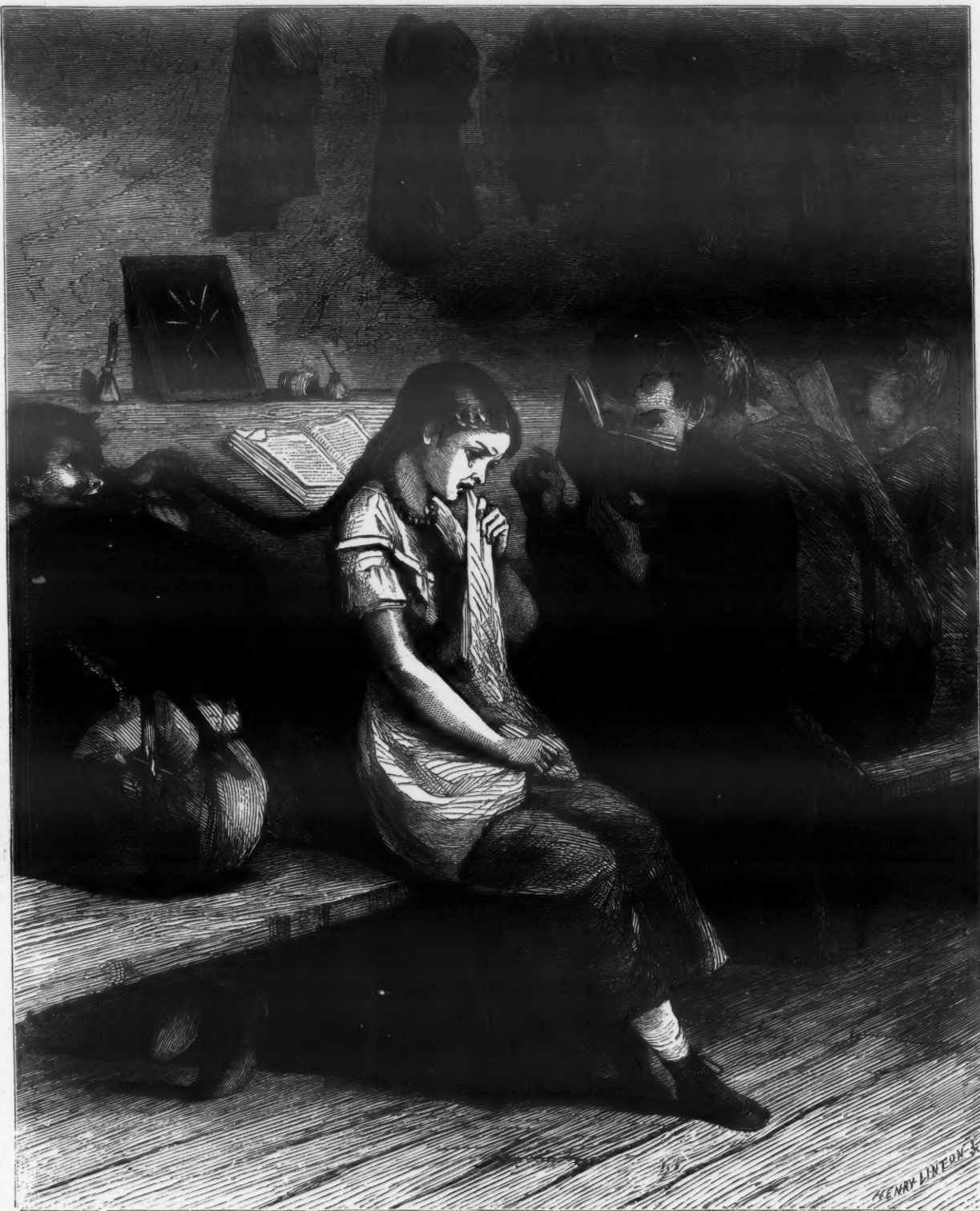
SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

SCHOOL-CHILDREN! What visions arise in the heart at the sound of those words! That band of little students is suggestive of all the joy, the hope, the fear, the trembling earnestness which rule the present and lead onward to the future. Buds of good and bad lives, of much pleasure and much sorrow,

ing an opportunity to show itself, and defying the most vigilant effort of the teacher to keep it from breaking out. What would a school-boy be without the element of mischief in him! True, it must be checked, and roughly, too, sometimes, or the little educational world would turn to a scene of general rioting, and history and geography stand a poor chance among a crowd of boys turning somersaults over the desks and benches, as they would do, in a minute, if left to their own devices.

The picture of school-children on this page will be recognized by everyone as a faithful glimpse into a familiar life. The little girl with downcast eyes and puzzled brow is vainly trying to find the correct spelling of "apple" and "baker," in the corner of her apron, and the roguish boy behind her, takes advantage of the trying situation to fasten her long braid of hair to the desk, possibly to tie it round the neck of the inkstand; the sequel of which action, as he sees it, would raise him to the height of boyish delight. Take care, young man! The consequences of your rash act may be very different from what you desire.

Every person from the country knows the powerful associations lingering around the old red school-house, on the little bit of smooth green grass by the roadside. There it is, ugly as four low walls and little small-paned windows can make it, utterly devoid of any ornament, and what luckless trees are standing near, rendered miserable by the penknife attacks of many armies of boys; but no spot in the whole world is so full of histo-



SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.—JOHN S. DAVIS.

cluster together in every school-room, and the struggles and emulations there, are the small drama of the realities of after life. How much an observant teacher may note of the character of each pupil! Not so much on the play-ground, before the sharp little bell has summoned the crowd of boys and girls to the duties of the day, nor in the joyous and happy outbreak at the close of school, when, throwing away all responsibility, and forgetting the coming morning, all join together to celebrate the release from noun and verb and the trying "rule of three;" but during school-hours, when each, bent upon the accomplishment of his task, shows clearly his powers, his defects, his perseverance or restless impatience.

How refreshing is the spirit of mischief which flutters here and there, like a veritable *Puck*, never los-

ries and memories. How they rush and crowd and fill the air as one looks in upon the long rows of ink-bespattered wooden desks and benches! The small windows through which the slanting sun-beams creep round the room, during the long summer day, are full of pictures of the little faces which have peeped out through them.

Here were gathered the tiny household treasures of the village, picking up their A B C's and the golden letters of life as well, very slowly, and carrying on their unconscious flirtations, with exchanges of red and white peppermints from the small shop by the village church. And later, as the boys grow more sturdy, and the girls more graceful, here they are still, adding new letters every day, and slowly climbing up to manhood and womanhood.



PRESTON PONDS, FROM BISHOP'S KNOLL.—F. T. VANCE.

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THE TWO LIVES.

Two travelers came together
Into the world so wide,
In the new and sunny weather
Of marvelous Easter-tide.

The one was little and feeble,
The other was straight and strong,
And the strong one helped the feeble one,
Because the way was long.

All over the level valley,
All over the lifted land,
They go, with equal gladness,
Each holding the other's hand.

And the feeble one grows stronger,
And, ever as they walk,
He plucks the wayside blossoms
From twig and bending stalk.

But the strong one never falters,
Nor ever turns aside;
Because of the long, long journey,
And because of the world so wide.

But now it draws to evening,
And the feeble fails to go,
With any heart of joyousness,
For his steps are weak and slow.

But, patient as aforetime,
The strong one stays his speed,
And helps his weary comrade,
Because of this his need.

And lo, I see one dying
Before the close of day;
And the other, swiftly flying,
With outspread wings, away.

O friend beside the cradle,
O friend beside the bier,
Thou only hast the story
Of what is hidden here!

— Samuel W. Duffield.

PAINTED BOATS ON PAINTED SEAS.

I DO not go so far as to say that boats possess the same sort of souls that you and I do, my reader; and yet I hold there is a mystery and a charm about them, not accounted for alone by the union of cedar, oak, iron, rope and duck, skillfully wrought into a shape that drifts upon the current like a song in a dream.

And if there is this fascination about the real boat, the boat that is liable to leak and go down in a moment—the boat that may part her painter, and pass away from the owner's eye like a bird—how much greater is the magic of those painted boats which the poets have set afloat upon the stream of fancy, never to drift quite away from the mooring of memory!

Charles Lamb, inland-bred man though he was, a lover of the old London book stalls, and "the sweet security of streets," could not and would not escape the spell which the sight of sea-going craft threw over his fancy.

It was the soul of the "Old Margate Hoy" with which he communed. To a seaman's eye she may have been a sorry sight—an unseaworthy hulk. To his knowledge, her sails may have been rotten; her running gear worn out, and her hull the home of innumerable worms; he may have anathematized her, in a sailor's way, over and over again, from keel to color-truck. But *Elia* draws her into the ample haven of his sympathy, and she becomes to us one of his dream-children for ever. And if there is a coming Paradise for superannuated Hoys, her place therein is secured, never doubt.

"Can I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy," says Lamb, "with thy weather-beaten sun-burnt captain, and his rough accommodations? ill-exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam-packet. To the winds and waves thou committedst thy goodly freightage, and didst ask no aid of magic fumes and spells and boiling caldrons. With the gales of Heaven thou wentest swimmingly; or, when it was their pleasure, stoodest still with sailor-like patience. Thy course was natural, not forced, as in a hot-bed; nor didst thou go poisoning the breath of ocean with sulphureous smoke—a great chimera, chimneying and furnacing the deep, or liker to that fire-god parching up Scamander." Happy old Hoy!

The provinces of Lamb and Hawthorne lie a hemisphere apart, but an airy bridge connects them. Lamb at Margate, and Hawthorne upon the winding Assabeth, feel an air blowing upon their cheeks that comes—who knows whence?

The author of "The Scarlet Letter" rows his boat between wide meadows, upon the unrippled water.

"Of all this scene," he says, "the slumbering river has a dream picture in its bosom. Which, after all, was the most real, the picture or the original?—the objects palpable to our grosser senses, or their apotheosis in the stream beneath? Surely the disembodied images stand in closer relation to the soul."

There is no doubt Dickens knew the enchantment David Copperfield felt in seeing Peggotty's house. Doubtless it loomed up in his imagination fairer than any castle upon a castled river.

"Yon's our house, Mas'r Davy."

"I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at the sea, and away at the river, but no house could I make out. There was a black barge, or some other kind of a superannuated boat, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney and smoking very cozily; but nothing else in the way of a habitation that was visible to me."

"That's not it?" said I. "That ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Mas'r Davy," returned Ham.

"If it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat, which had no doubt been on the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in on dry land. That was the captivation of it to me. If it had ever been meant to be lived in, I might have thought it small or inconvenient, or lonely, but never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode."

"After tea, when the door was shut and all was made snug (the nights being cold and misty now), it seemed to me the most delicious retreat that the imagination of man could conceive. To hear the wind getting up out at sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire, and think that there was no house near but this one, and this one a boat, was like enchantment."

And after this home was ruined, how the old boat, "which had never been intended to be lived in," broadens and deepens the pathos!

How the poets take us whither they will! Have we not sat with Tennyson,

"In a shallop of crystal ivory-beaked
With a satin sail of a ruby glow;"

or stood upon the river bank and seen

—"unhailed,
The shallop flitting silken-sailed,
Skimming down to Camelot;"

or, with Whittier, seen

"The dead-boat with the bearers four,
The mourners at the stern,"—

and heard every stroke of the oars in the rowlocks, though muffled as with down?

Turning to Uhland, we drive with King Karl and his twelve companions over sea to the Holy Land in a tempest. We sit with the king steering in the stern. We see how danger touches different minds.

Says the bold Lord Roland, "I can fight and defend myself, but this sea and storm"—(the craft makes a lee lurch, maybe, and he clings to the gunwale). Another says, "I can play the harp, but what doth it profit me when wind and waves howl so?" Then a wicked little fellow cries, "You might set the devil on me were I well out of this." Again a voice, but a more solemn one,—'tis that of an archbishop: "We are God's warriors; come Holy Saviour over the waters and graciously lead us." Count Richard the Fearless, commands—"Ye spirits out of Hell, I have done ye many a good turn, now help me out of this." Then Lord Riol, humorously half, and half pathetically, exclaims, "I am an old campaigner, and would like to lay my bones in dry ground."

Lord Guy begins to sing,

"I wish I were a little bird,
I'd fly away to my little love."

Then a noble count piously cries, "Lord help us out of this trouble!" The complexion of the count is of a suspicious color, which prepares one for the remainder of his exclamation; "I'd a good deal rather drink red wine, than water out of the sea." Lord Lambert is a youth with a clear, sweet countenance, we may guess, and his speech partakes of the color thereof: "God will not forget us," he says; "I'd rather eat the good fish than have the good fishes eat me."

Meanwhile the great king implores neither deity nor devil, but sits silent, and controls the little vessel until the storm is broken.

With Uhland again, we ferry the single passenger over the river in the evening-glimmer, and are surprised when he offers us thrice the fee, upon the plea that

"Spirits twain have passed with me."

Or, we may, indeed, be that passenger, as we fancy; and we recall a former passage in the same boat with our two companions, one fatherly, and the other younger and rich in hopes—the wealth of youth. By paying for three, we keep alive the sweet illusion that we are three again. Do not the ghosts of broken friendship travel with us all, and the spirits more daring than we that have in the battle fallen?

Once again, with the same poet, we lie dreaming his dream upon the cliff. At the shore below lies a boat covered with rippling pennons. We see the steersman waiting at the rudder, as though the time were long to him. There comes a merry procession, beautiful with flowery wreaths, moving down the mountain towards the sea. Happy children lead the train. There is music, singing, and dancing. They hail the boatman: "Wilt take us aboard? We are the joys and delights of the earth, and would leave it away behind us." He calls upon them to enter, and they hurriedly embark. Then the boatman waits a moment and inquires: "Are there none remaining, dear ones, in the valley nor on the mountain?" Now, in our dream we lean to catch the answer; for nearly it concerns us who have a home, and a household somewhere. Hark! The merry passengers are settling themselves comfortably. "We are all," they cry; "sail away; we are in a hurry." They start with a brisk breeze, and we behold joy and pleasure disappear from the earth—in a dream.

The delicatest little boat that ever drew water, was owned by that rogue of a "Culprit Fay." No daintier creation is borne on the golden tide of Fancy. We share the joy and wonder of the fay, when we behold the purple mussel-shell glistening upon the sand. We run with him; we bend, and we heave at the stern, and we heave at the bow, as a boatman doth. Truly,

"She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
As ever fairy had paddled in,
For she glowed with purple paint without,
And shone with silvery pearl within."

Never was a pilot's boat more welcome than that in the weird "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," which came with the dash of oars and the pilot's cheer. No wonder she went round and round in the whirl where the ship went down. It was a happy, magic touch of the pencil that made her, and which none but the highest art would have taken note of.

In Browning's little picture of a meeting at night, how the hint of a boat enlarges and illumines the canvas!

"The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand."

"Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch,
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!"

A thorough boatman, though, would wonder if the lover, or husband, found the boat on the morrow, or when wanted, and would prophesy that flood tide would carry her away; for the poet leaves her, as a poet only would be forgiven for doing, unanchored, and uncared for. We get the impression that the craft was a borrowed one!

In the old ballads, boats give character and often grandeur to the scenes.

Says Fair Annie of Lochroyan:

"O gin I had a bonny boat,
And men to sail wi' me,
It's I wad gang to my true love,
Sin' he winna come to me!"

"Her father's gi'en her a bonny boat,
And sent her to the strand;
She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And turn'd her back to the land."

"Her mast was cover'd wi' beaten gold,
And it shone across the sea;
The sails were o' the grass-green silk
And the ropes o' taffetic."

"And now she has been on the sea sailing,
For seven lang days or more,
She's landed one night frae her bonny boat
Near to her true-love's door."

Alas! for dreaming Gregory and fair Annie, and
the "mither" false to both—her errand was all in
vain:

"Slowly, slowly, gaed she back,
As the day began to peep;
She set her foot intill her boat,
And sair, sair did she weep."

Her last words—what a world of pathos in them!
—broken heart calling to bewildered Hope to lower
the gay colors of Life:

"Tak' down, tak' down the mast o' gold,
Set up the mast o' tree;
It ill becomes a forsaken lady
To sail sae gallantlie."

Too late came Lord Gregory to the strand:

"High blew the blast, the waves ran fast,
The boat was overthrown,

"O I hae killed my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither."

And when she presses home upon him with—

"Some ither dule ye dree, O,"

he confesses,

"O I hae killed my father dear,
Mither, mither;
O I hae killed my father dear,
Alas! and wae is me, O!"

"And whatten penance will ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward?
And whatten penance will ye dree for that?
My dear son, now tell me, O?"

"I'll set my foot in yonder boat,
Mither, mither;
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare o'er the sea, O."

Goethe confesses the delight which a dancing boat
gives. In a little poem, "Auf dem See," we find this
happily expressed.

And my boat drives gayly onward,
While the sun-rays round it shine."

Oh, if he would not see death and night under the
golden waves! However charming and cheerful the
beginning of his songs, a startling note of sadness
too often comes as an echo at the end.

Let the reader seek outside the pages of Heine, and
find, if he can, a happy song of a dozen lines, which
one word changes, almost to a lament, as in this:

"My love, in our light boat riding,
We sat at the close of day,
And still through the night went gliding
Afar on our watery way.

"The Spirit-isle soft glowing
Lay dimming 'neath moon and star;
Their music was softly flowing,
And cloud-dances waved afar.

"And ever more sweetly pealing,
And waving more winningly;
But past it our boat went stealing
All sad on the wide wide sea."



A SERIOUS CASE.—ERNST BOSCH.

And soon he saw his fair Annie
Come floating in the foam."

There is a highly suggestive little poem by an
American poet, "Out To Sea," beginning

"The wind is blowing east
And the waves are running free;
Let's hoist the sail at once
And stand out to sea
(You and me!)"

Of another tone is Read's "Drifting;" its meaning
is doubled to-day:

"I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes,
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."

In the old ballad, "Edward, Edward," the mother
questions her son of the blood upon his brand. First,
'tis the "hawk's blude"—

"O, I hae killed my hawk sae gude,
Mither, mither;"

and then—

In Aytoun's alembic, the beginning becomes—

"Free is my heart from every weight,
No care now cumber me;
O Nature thou art grand and great,
And beautiful to see!
Our boat goes dancing o'er the wave,
The rudder track behind;
And yonder rise the mountains brave;
Blow fresh, blow fresh, thou wind!"

It seems to me this is nearer what Goethe says:

I draw fresh nutriment, new blood,
From out the open air;
How lovely Nature is and good,
Who holds me to her bosom fair;
The wave, it rocks our little boat
To the oar's time along,
And mountains meet us where we float,
Their peaks the clouds among.

Heine, in his exquisite songs, gives us little boat-
pictures, set in frames of jet and pearl. He stands
leaning against the mast, saying, "Adieu" to his
fatherland. "With solemn stroke the boatman rows
me in my little boat," he says

"Hills and towers are gazing downward
In the mirror-gleaming Rhine,

Again, the evening sunlight sparkles on the moun-
tain summit. A maiden combs her golden hair with
a golden comb, singing meanwhile a wonderful song:

"The boatman, when once she has bound him,
Is lost in a wild sad love;
He sees not the rocks around him,
He sees but the beauty above.

"I believe that the billows springing
The boat and the boatman drown;
And all that, with her magical singing,
The Loré-lay has done."

The storm whistles and howls. "Hurrah!" Heine
sings, "how the little boat springs, the night is
merry and wild!"

Is it a touch of humor, or the ever-present pathos
with which he concludes the song? "Fast I hold me
to the mast and wish I were at home." It seems this,
the confession of a sea-sick soul, and the laughable,
lies upon the border-land of pathos; only a tear
trickling between.

If we have stood long upon this shore, let us linger
a moment longer, and contemplate one more picture,
not the least perfect of all:

"Thou lovely fisher-maiden,
Come, pull thy boat to land,
And, sitting down beside me,
We'll fondle hand in hand.

"Thy head lay on my bosom,
And feel no fear of me;
Dost thou not trust completely,
And day by day, the sea?

"My heart, just like the ocean,
Hath storm, and ebb, and flow,
And many a pearl of beauty
Lies in its deep below."

And so we are stringing his pearls, while that heart
hath longer, nor storm, nor ebb, nor flow.

—Hiram Rich.

A SERIOUS CASE.

I REMEMBER being startled by an abrupt question
from an eccentric friend: "Did you ever notice a
pig's eye?" No, most certainly, I never had; nor

Animal characteristics are not often taken note of
in common observation, but dogs, horses, indeed
almost all domestic animals, possess distinct qualities,
which are expressed as clearly in the face and figure
of each creature, as among the highest grade of animal—man.

The paintings of those careful and sympathetic observers of animal life, Rosa Bonheur and Landseer, have contributed much towards the recognition of animals, as possessing a character far beyond that recognized by the mere utilitarian. Who can withstand a feeling of tenderness and respect for the huge ox over whose neck Rosa so affectionately throws her arm! And one feels irresistibly drawn towards those wild inhabitants of the forest, tossing their antlers on the brink of a mountain precipice, or sniffing the air on a misty morning; and the admiration for his subject, which must have inspired Landseer, when he painted those exquisite glimpses of wild mountain life, has been communicated, through the medium of his powerful pencil, to thousands of hearts.

helpless, and as a general thing so patient, never fretting nor refusing to take its medicine, as sick little boys and girls often do. One of these interesting specimens of sick animalhood is pathetically represented in the engraving on page 202, where an old woman is concentrating all her powers upon the recital of the exact symptoms of her poor cow's illness.

With the German peasant, living in a secluded country cottage, the nearest village, perhaps miles away, his cattle are his guarded treasures. From them comes the principal comforts of his humble life, and the sickness of a favorite cow is an event almost equaling in importance the sickness of wife or child. In this case the doctor has evidently been brought from a distance, and having dismounted from his horse, has placed his hand upon the sick animal and is listening with great attention to a clear description of the poor cow's condition. It is apparently a serious case, if we may judge from the meditative position of the medical man, and the sympathetic and anxious looks of the boy and dogs, who



TEMPLE OF CANOVA.

had I ever considered that animal, except as a most fat and filthy grunter. But the next time I passed near an abode of his most lazy lordship, I conquered my aversion to a pig-sty, so far as to lean on the fence and call to its inmate, in such a manner as to cause him to raise his head from the mire where he was reposing. I was surprised to see the eye gleaming out from the surrounding fat like a glistening jewel, and full of acute and eager feeling.

Every one knows the old fable of the jewel in the toad's head, and many a poor and unoffending toad has suffered decapitation and dissection at the hands of inquisitive country boys, who sought the jewel only in vain, as in the very act of search they had dimmed its lustre for ever. The toad's jewel is a precious gem which glistens only when embedded in the head of its original owner; but no careful observer, who has watched the cunning creature, crouched under a shelter of overhanging branches, or nestled among the tall grass, and seen the glitter of his brilliant eyes as he laid in wait for some passing fly, can doubt that the toad possesses a jewel precious beyond comparison.

One cannot look upon such portrayals of animal life without a feeling of respect and appreciation for the subject, far removed from the admiration of the sportsman or agriculturist, who regards the powerful ox, or the majestic deer, solely as a co-worker, or a shining mark for his deadly rifle-ball.

How many animals there are which express in their countenances the characteristics of mirth, cunning, ferocity, and other mental qualities; for in these days of psychological investigation, it is fully conceded that animals possess a well-defined mental nature. We do not need the charming and powerfully drawn pictures of Beard to tell us that bears go on a "bender," for a glance at a crowd of these clumsy, jolly old fellows is sufficient, and no one could doubt for an instant that the "bender" would be held whenever there were grapes or melons, or anything to excite it.

The pathetic element in animal life is one so touching, that it must take a heart of stone to turn away from a sick or dying animal, without doing all in one's power to protect it from the scorching rays of the sun, or pour a draught of cool water down the parched and fevered throat. A sick animal is so

are gathered around to listen to the doctor's opinion, which, alas! may declare to them that their cup of milk for breakfast is no more. The old cow is certainly a great sufferer, as is easily seen by the pensive, melancholy drooping of her head; and the handkerchief which her kind mistress has bound around her throat, leads us to suspect that the difficulty lies there, possibly a case, of cow-quinsey or diphtheria.

The artist of this truthful portrayal of a phase of German peasant life, is Ernst Bosch, of Dusseldorf, a pupil of the celebrated painter, Von Schadow, and one of the rising painters of Germany, whose present gives promise of a brilliant and profitable future.

THE TEMPLE OF CANOVA.

THE name of Canova is associated with the thought of exquisite beauty and grace. One of the most prominent among modern Italian sculptors, he has left behind him a large number of works, which serve as grand illustrations of idealized form and symmetry.

Canova was born in Passagno, in the Italian



THE HILLS OF NEW ENGLAND.—PAUL DIXON.

province of Treviso, in 1757. The occupation of his family, for generations past, had been that of cutting stone among the Italian hills; and Canova, taking up the mallet and chisel which his father and grandfather had used before him, astonished his friends, when he was only nine years old, by cutting beautiful forms and artistic devices on the blocks of marble which came under his hands. He attracted the attention of a Venetian nobleman, who placed him under the instruction of a well-known sculptor of the time, and when he reached his sixteenth year, procured him a small pension from the Venetian government, by which means he was able to travel and to continue his studies in Naples and Rome.

Canova soon won for himself fame and independence. A faithful student of nature as well as of the ideal beauty of the antique, his works are truthful revelations of the perfection of form, expressive at the same time of feeling and purity of conception.

His life was singularly fortunate. Seldom is a sculptor so honored and so richly rewarded. To serve as his model was a distinction, of which the noblest women were proud. The head and bust of his Venus were modeled from the beautiful Princess Borghese, and for his statue of the Goddess of Harmony he chose the exquisite head and shoulders of the Empress Marie Louise. The Dancing Girl with the Lyre, one of his most beautiful works, is the portrait of Letitia Bonaparte.

But during all his successful and brilliant career, Canova never forgot the quiet village where he passed his childhood. He selected a hill overlooking the town, as the site of a temple, which he spent his declining years in designing. On this spot, where no doubt as a boy he had spent many hours, gazing over the broad plain of Northern Italy, watching the light and shade play over the wooded slopes of the "wind-swept Apennines," he wished to be buried.

The Temple, which he intended for his tomb, was designed after the Parthenon of Athens, and almost the last work of his life were the bass-reliefs and an altar-piece for the interior.

Canova died in Venice in 1822, and his remains were deposited in the beautiful temple on the hill at Passagno, where the soft Italian wind plays an eternal requiem in the cypress trees around the tomb of the noblest of Italian sculptors.

A WOMAN'S ETERNITY.

"I will love you for ever, through eternity!"

It is ten years since these words, earnestly spoken and sealed with a passionate kiss, sent a thrill of rapture to my heart. Then came a happy parting, which was to end in a few weeks; and I went to my lodgings with the words "for ever, through eternity" vibrating in my thoughts and mingling with my dreams through all the night.

Ten years ago, this very night, since that parting, so full of happiness and sweet anticipation; and to-night we have taken another farewell; ah, so unlike the first! I had thought that love and romance were dead words to me; but this meeting and farewell have brought them to life again only to die anew; and, sitting here alone in my old bachelor's quarters, I feel impelled to write out the two chapters of a love story which had so strange a beginning and ending.

Ten years ago, I was present at my cousin Rosa's wedding. She was the daughter of a wealthy Hungarian count, whose magnificent chateau was crowded on that occasion with aristocratic guests from near and far. It was an old romantic structure of immense size, and surrounded by a lovely park. Gay lanterns hung in the trees, and flambeaux sent a wavering illumination along the winding roads and pathways. One could imagine himself gazing upon a scene in fairy land. Distant music from various parts of the grounds lent an additional charm, while within the grand salons hundreds of merry feet kept time to merry notes. Late in the evening, my happy cousin came running up to me exclaiming, "give me your arm Friedrich, and I will introduce you to a young lady with whom you would wish to dance all the rest of your life!"

My cousin Rosa was beautiful; but the lady to whom she led me was the most beautiful and bewitching creature I had ever beheld. Even after ten years, I think so still. She was not more than seventeen, slight in stature and graceful as a fairy queen. Her golden hair, in which natural flowers were daintly interwoven, fell in long ringlets on her plump, white shoulders. Elegant bracelets of gold and precious stones glittered on her round white arms, and a rich pearl necklace was clasped about her throat. I think I must have drunk too much wine that evening; for my brain seemed on fire; and when I led the beautiful girl out to dance, she had to reprove me, in a laughing way for my awkwardness.

"How awkward and confused you are! Don't you see you have trodden on your cousin Rosa's dress and nearly torn it off?"

The sight of the torn skirt brought me at once to my senses, and after stammering out some kind of apology, which my fair cousin received with a gracious smile, I again led my partner in the mazes of the waltz.

"Do you know the legend of Achmet and the beautiful Suleika?" I asked.

"No, I do not; but why do you ask?"

"If you did, you would possess the key to my absent-mindedness and confusion just now."

"Tell me the story!" she replied, with startling abruptness.

"A ball-room is hardly the place for story-telling, but I will gratify your curiosity if you care to listen."

"Do so!" she answered in almost peremptory terms.

"Well, then; the Caliph of Bagdad, once upon a time, had a beautiful wife, the favorite among all the women of his harem. Her chief beauty was her magnificent black hair, which fell in luxurious clusters to her very feet. Besides this, her form was as graceful and sylph-like; her face and eyes as beautiful as your own."

"Thank you for the compliment."



EVENING.—PAUL DIXON.

"It was not meant as a compliment, but only to give you an idea of Suleika's charms."

"Well, let me hear the rest."

"It was believed in Bagdad that every one who caught a glimpse of the beautiful Suleika fell hopelessly in love with her, and spent the rest of his days in bemoaning the cruel fate that shut him out of the possession of a creature so rarely endowed with captivating charms and graces; and one day, Achmet, the trusted friend and counselor of the caliph, discovered to his cost that this belief was no idle myth. As he was accustomed to accompany the caliph everywhere, he chanced one morning to catch sight of Suleika from a little distance, as she walked in the garden attended by her maids. Her raven-black hair interwoven with glittering pearls, her graceful figure, but lightly concealed by the flowing white robe which was fastened at the waist by a girdle of diamonds, and above all her beautiful face."

"In short," interrupted my fair partner, "it was a desperate case of love at first sight."

"Rightly guessed," I answered. "Of course he knew that it was idle to dream of possession; but he prayed day and night to Allah and the Prophet that he might for one moment clasp her in his arms, press one burning kiss upon her lips, and then forget that he had ever gazed upon such dangerous charms. One day, not long after that fatal sight, Achmet lay in the caliph's garden, under a lofty palm-tree. The fragrance of millions of flowers, the silvery splash of fountains, and the low twittering of birds, charmed his senses into sleep; and in the gardens of the land of dreams he walked hand in hand with Suleika. Suddenly he awoke, and there close beside him, stood—"

"Cousin Freidrich!" exclaimed Rosa, suddenly breaking into my story, "are you going to keep possession of Margaret the whole evening? See, everybody in the room is wondering why you have ceased dancing and settled into a corner by yourselves. Come, Margaret, I will find a more lively partner for you." Without another word she drew the girl's

arm within her own and whisked her away, giving her only time to say in a low tone, and with a tender glance, "you will finish the legend for me before the evening is over." I bowed, and she vanished among the throng of guests.

An hour later—it seemed many hours to me—I stood alone on a balcony, wondering at myself and hardly able to decide whether I had not been the victim of a strange dream or some illusion of the senses, when a sweet voice close beside me recalled my wandering thoughts.

"I began to fear I should lose the end of your story."

"Ah, how amiable of you to seek me out again. Is not this a lovely scene? I was just thinking that your presence only was wanting to make it perfect."

"Flatterer! Well, do I bring perfection? But where were we in our story? Ah, I remember—Achmet had awakened, and—"

"Right! Achmet awoke from his dream, and there, close beside him stood Suleika. Bewildered by her dazzling beauty he sank at her feet and pressed a passionate kiss upon her hand. Instead of calling her slaves and attendants to punish the daring offender, as he expected—she only smiled upon him. This gave him courage to say, "Lady, I will leave your presence forever, and seek refuge in the wilds of the most distant mountains of the East; but I beg of your grace to permit me one embrace and one kiss upon your lips!"

"And Suleika granted his petition?" asked Margaret, in a low voice and with averted glance.

"He embraced her"—

"Embraced her?"

"As my arm embraced you in the waltz—as I now embrace you"—

"Go on," whispered Margaret, as I paused an instant, alarmed at my own temerity.

"And he pressed his lips to hers, as"—

"As?"

"As I now press mine to yours, my own beautiful Suleika."

"Ah!"

"But the instant he had taken the embrace and kiss, he sank lifeless to the ground, killed by the rapture of the moment."

We sat silent for a short time. Margaret made no effort to escape from my embrace, and I found courage to say: "Margaret, I love you no less than Achmet loved Suleika. I know not why his fate was not also mine; but this I do know, that my heart will always be yours. To the latest day of my life it will beat for you alone. Margaret, do you love me?"

"I love you," was the whispered answer.

And again our lips touched, and again I folded her to my heart in close embrace. "I shall never forget this sweet hour, when you became my own," I whispered, kissing her hand.

Fresh music from the dancing hall recalled me to the world we had left.

"They will miss us," said Margaret. "My love, we must part for a little while."

"It is true, we must. But give me one kiss more, my Margaret."

"There! Oh, Friedrich, I, too, am yours forever, as you are mine. I will love you forever—through eternity!"

With these words she released herself from my embrace, and casting back one loving glance, and throwing me a pouting kiss, she vanished through the doorway, and mingled with the other guests. I remained behind with her image in my heart.

Ten years have passed since that wedding festival; and to-night she was again my partner, in a quadrille at a court ball. She was still beautiful; her eyes were lustrous as when they first bewitched me, and she was dressed like a princess. Her husband, a stupid, good-natured Englishman, sat in a window niche and yawned away the time. I had not seen her since we parted in the balcony. The morning after that happy evening, her parents, to whom our secret had been revealed by an eave's-dropping maid, hurried her off to a country seat in Southern Hungary, where they kept her secluded until her "silly romance," as they

called it, was outgrown, and she was ready to marry the man they had selected to be her husband. He was much older than she, very rich, and was good-natured and indulgent. She endured him, it was said, and spent his money with a lavish hand. This was all he asked. He doted on her, and was pleased to have her excite admiration. The most pointed attention never made him jealous or disagreeable.

In a pause of the dance, I remarked that she wore a pearl necklace; and that circumstance brought the scenes of ten years ago vividly before my mind, and I wondered if any tender remembrance still lingered in her heart.

"The pearl necklace becomes you well, Madame."

"Ah," she replied, with a courteous smile; "my husband made the same remark when we entered the ball-room, and the Chevalier de Chataigne also expressed the same opinion."

"Do you remember, Madame, the wedding ball at

cious smiles, that meant as little! And this was the Margaret, whose image I had worn in my heart so many years, for the sake of whose memory I had shut my heart against all other love. What was it she had said? "I will love you forever—through eternity?"

That was a short forever—a woman's eternity!

—E. B. L.

KARL MARIA VON WEBER.

KARL MARIA VON WEBER'S whole life was passed in an atmosphere of music and art. He was born in 1786. The son of a musician of some note, his talents and inclinations were encouraged from his earliest youth. He received a liberal education, and it was at first supposed that he would devote himself to painting, as he showed remarkable skill in handling the pencil; but, always passionately fond of music, he

He concluded it, and gave the first performance in the spring of the following year. It was his last great work, "Oberon," which has been fitly called the deathless work of a dying man.

"Der Freischütz" had not been well received in England. The opera-going public of that day demanded a very different style of music, and it is said, that nothing but the Huntsman's Chorus, and the fantastic scenic display of the Devil's Cavern, saved "Der Freischütz" from operatic death. The English critics compared the exquisite melodies in it to "wind through a key-hole." And the whole composition was generally misunderstood. On this account, a great responsibility was assumed, to prepare "Oberon" in a manner calculated to be acceptable to the English mind. A well-known English play-wright, Planché, was to prepare the text, and a short correspondence passed between him and Weber, which is of much interest, as it reveals the perplexities of both poet



THE LAST MOMENTS OF VON WEBER.

which we danced together, ten years ago, when as now you wore a pearl necklace, and when I told you the story of Achmet and Suleika?"

"Ten years is long enough to make one forget such love-lorn fancies; and since my marriage I have ceased to think of such things. I found it wiser to forget them."

"Forget the holiest emotions of the heart, by which you were once swayed as by a tempest?"

Heaven only knows what I might have said in my sudden heat and indignation, had she not calmly interrupted the torrent of my words.

"Can you still rave about young love? I thought you were a man of the world and above such folly."

The quadrille ended. She extended her hand, and then with a gracious gesture of dismissal, said gently, "Our interview is over. I am engaged to the Chevalier de Chataigne for the next dance."

I led her to a seat, and gave way to the chevalier. How sweetly she chatted to the handsome Frenchman, and rewarded his empty compliments with gra-

threw aside his brushes, at the early age of twelve, and devoted himself to that most subtle of all arts, for the rest of his life.

He was at one time a pupil of Haydn, and may, perhaps, be somewhat indebted to that master for his fine perception of intricate and delicate harmony. But the spirit of Von Weber's music is purely his own; full of subtle ideas, tender supplications, and rich, triumphal outbursts, it remains an index of Weber's character, a true spark of the artist-soul.

Weber's life was uneventful. He lived quietly and worked out the richness of his mind in tones which will echo in the hearts of all lovers of music, for, who shall say, how many years to come? The overtures of "Der Freischütz," "Oberon," and "Euryanthe," rank among the most popular of concert music; and the Opera of "Der Freischütz" possesses a hold upon the heart of Germany which renders it as familiar there as a household word.

In 1825, Weber received a commission to write an opera for the Covent Garden Theatre in London.

and composer, in the endeavor to reconcile artistic feeling with the popular taste of the time.

Weber was a perfect student of the English language, and his proficiency strikes one with wonder, on reading these letters. Commenting on the text of the First Act, he says, after praising the feeling and genius of the verses: "The art of an English opera is certainly very different from a German one. The English is more a drama with songs, but in the First Act of 'Oberon' there is nothing I could wish to see changed, except the finale. The chorus is conducted to its place, I think, rather forcibly."

After receiving the text of Acts Second and Third, he writes again to Planché: "These two acts are filled with the greatest beauties. I embrace the whole in love, and will endeavor not to remain behind you."

"To this acknowledgment of your work you can give credit the more, as I must repeat, that the cut of the whole is very foreign to all my ideas and maxims. The intermixing of so many principal actors

who do not sing—the omission of the music in the most important moments—all these things deprive our 'Oberon' of the title of an opera, and will make him unfit for all other theatres in Europe, which is a very bad thing for me."

The desire for endless musical repetition which is such a marked feature in many of the most popular operas, appears also strong in Weber. He writes to Planché: "I beg leave to observe that the composer looks more for the expression of feelings, than the figurative; the former he may repeat and develop in all their graduations, but verses like —

'Like the spot the tulip weareth,
Deep within its dewy urn,'

or in Oberon's song —

'Like hopes that deceive us,
Or false friends who leave us
Soon as descendeth prosperity's sun,'

must be said only *once*."

Sated, begging to be excused for so much liberty of criticism and suggestion, he adds: "but poets and composers live together in a sort of angels' marriage, which demand a reciprocal trust." Meanwhile, Weber's health was failing, although, on the completion of "Oberon," he calls himself better, and comes to London, to superintend the rehearsals and performances, in person. There was much trouble to find suitable persons to undertake the parts, as the quality of both actor and singer was required to faithfully represent any character in "Oberon;" but at last a full cast was made out, and the rehearsals began; Weber always being present to direct all parts in harmony with his idea.

The opening performance on April 12th, 1826, was the occasion of the most unbounded applause; and Weber, who had conducted the whole himself, was overwhelmed with honor and praise. He joyfully exclaimed to

Planché, "Let us write another opera together, more after our own heart, and show the world what we really can do." But it was not to be!

According to a custom which has prevailed many years in English theatricals, an Easter piece, on the subject of "Oberon," had been rushed out at Drury Lane, in anticipation of Weber's opera. It was not very favorably received, and even the presence of several very good singers could secure for it nothing beyond a lingering existence of a few nights. Tom Cooke, the leader of the orchestra at Drury Lane, a man full of sparkling good humor, met Braham, the tenor, in Bow Street one day, and asked him how his opera ("Oberon") was going. "Magnificently!" replied Braham, and added, "not to speak it profanely, it will run to the day of judgment!" "My dear fellow," replied Cooke, "that's nothing! Ours has run five nights afterwards!"

But Weber's life was drawing to an early close. On the 26th of May, he gave a concert in London; at the rehearsal of which it is related, that when the chorus commenced singing a prayer at the top of their lungs, Weber hushed them down instantly, exclaiming, "If you were in the presence of God Almighty, you would not speak loud."

After this concert we hear no more of him until, on the 5th of June, ten days afterwards, he was found dead in his room.

He had apparently passed away peacefully. He was reclining, still dressed in his ordinary clothes, his right hand resting on the keys of the small com-

posing instrument which was his constant companion. To the very last, following and striving to grasp the melodies which filled his soul, he ceased his labor, to listen to diviner harmonies—harmonies which, all his life, had hovered in the air around him, just beyond his grasp.

THE SNOW-BIRD.

GRAY like the shadow, and white like the snow itself, these little northerners would easily pass unseen were it not for their restless activity. On the approach of winter they appear from the north in countless numbers, and distribute themselves over the whole country from Maine to Georgia, in large flocks. Roadsides seem to be their favorite resorts, but they are as often to be found among the forests, far removed from human society, as in the door yards of the farmers, or among the hay stacks, and were formerly common in the streets of our large cities, until the introduction of the European sparrow.

A bird of stout build, possessing a warm covering of feathers, the snow-bird seems to defy the severest frosts, and is never so happy, like the rosy human urchins whom he so resembles in character, as when frolicking in a snow-storm.

In the snow, people always wear smiles, and, somehow, do not seem to mind it much! Women look

est temperature. The gray color of the snow-birds enables them to sit unseen among the rocks in the open plains of inhospitable Arctic countries, and so escape the ravages of the swift-winged hawks or prowling butcher birds who are often attendant upon them. Who knows a prettier sight than a flock of these little birds when dusting themselves in the sunlit snow, as the fowls like to do in the dry earth of their fowl-yards? What charming quaint actions, and pretty affectations! Like a group of young girls at play, and unobserved, they sport their choicest airs for their own individual delectations and unconscious vanity. Some New England people think this species to be the chipping sparrow, in a winter dress, and defend the point with the ardor of conviction, until shown the two sparrows—for both belong to the *Fringillida*, each in the appropriate plumage they well know. In Canada they are often associated, during the breeding season, selecting like locations for the business of hatching and rearing their young. Le Moine says they hide their nests carefully among the grass; and, in the same paragraph, speaks of two pairs of chipping buntings, who are building in a tree next to the library window of his house, near Quebec. Many of them are said to breed in Labrador, where they perhaps succeed in getting away from the heat of summer better than they do in lower Canada, where, at times, even as far north as Ha Ha Bay, the ther-

monometer rises to 130 degrees of Fahrenheit — a temperature at which the heat-loving vireo's pant, open-mouthed, in the shady places. Alexander Wilson, who was fond of theorizing, in this instance carelessly supposed they were unable to support the heat of summer, and says: "There must be something in the temperature of the blood or constitution of this bird which unfits it for residing, during summer, in the lower parts of the United States, as the country there abounds with a great variety of food, of which,



SNOW-BIRDS. — GILBERT BURLING.

their prettiest then, and men stride along in becoming old-time toilets of powdered hair and beard. This sort of temporary jollity, awakened in us lords of creation, seems to be perpetual in the dispositions of the snow-birds. It is as if life were a continual merry snow-storm to them, for whenever they are observed, they bear a careless, happy-go-lucky air about them.

All day long the snow-birds twitter in their single note chorus, and play at scratching among the dead leaves on the ground, and in searching for weed seeds. At night they retire to the *arbor vitæ* and cedar trees, and there roost in the dark recesses of the foliage.

There is a tradition among small boys that they can be dazzled by the light of a lantern, and then caught on their roosts; and so small boys try to capture them sometimes, but find it very like that other method of taking birds by putting fresh salt on their tails—rather unsuccessful. It is better to catch them first in some other way, and then dazzle them afterward, or salt them, as preferred. But this is in the trifling spirit of the snow-bird. To be serious, let us note his fitness for his way of life—his beauty—for fitness is an attribute of beauty. His feathers are soft and close, unwebbed, and each plumule clinging like down and nearly as soft.

Tropical birds have scale-like feathers, which they can spread open to the air, that they may be cooled by it; but the denizens of the North are dressed for winter, and well and softly feathered even to the tips of their bills, and can so hide their toes in their breast feathers as to entirely protect them from the extrem-

during its stay, it appears to be remarkably fond. Or, perhaps, its habit of associating in such numbers to breed, and building its nest with so little precaution, may, to insure its safety, require a solitary region far from the intruding footsteps of man." — G. Burling.

BLOOD MONEY.—The hiring of a professional bravo to right wrongs, real or fancied, by assailing the life of the offender, is happily a type of a by-gone age. Although often charged, "the touch that is cold and clammy," is not a characteristic of the nineteenth century, and certainly the agent is not so readily found, or the negotiation so openly conducted, as in "the days of auld lang-syne." The scene of Mr. Nehlig's powerful sketch is probably laid in Normandy, something over two hundred years ago. The gallant, in the distance, serenading some fair lady in her bower, has evidently stirred the soul of "the party of the first part," to this horrible contract, and he is not the man to haggle about the extra piece which is evidently demanded. When the piping times of peace did not afford scope for the genius of the soldier of fortune, he was often in a position where it mattered little how, so long as, the money was procured—and passion was not more powerful to unsheathe his sword than a little ready cash. In these degenerate days, the utmost punishment which the angered lover would inflict upon his hated rival would be "to put a head on him;" probably helping his own suit, the wrong way, quite as effectively as his less valiant predecessor.

LITERATURE.

WHEN we think of the small amount of really good light verse in English Literature, we are inclined to believe that M. Taine is not so far out of the way when he maintains that seriousness is a distinguishing characteristic of the English mind. We can recall a score or so of English poets who have succeeded in writing lightly; but none is of the first order, and all, or nearly all, have succeeded better when writing gravely. The exceptions to the rule are to be found among the minor poets of the time of Charles I, and the more minor poets of the present day. We should include Suckling among them, perhaps, though we believe he had a deeper vein of poetry than he struck in his "Ballad of a Wedding;" but we should not include Herrick, in spite of the hundreds of humorous verses that he threw off in his careless moments; nor should we include Butler, if his grave saturnine genius could have found fair play. Cowley's amorous and anacreontic poems sink into insignificance beside his Odes; Sedley has excelled his trifles, charming as they are; even Rochester, gayest of profligates, rises when he becomes grave.

The poets of the Restoration affected a mercurial way of writing, as the courtiers of the Restoration affected an effeminacy of manner, in the belief, apparently, that it was a sign of high breeding—the way they did the thing at the Court of *le grand Monarque*. Prior's levities enjoyed a great reputation in their day; but they are dull reading now, almost as dull as his "Alma." Pope is anything but dull; but he is not poetical. He was a wit, not a poet. They were as much at sea in the last century, in regard to poetry, the poets of Queen Anne's time, as they were in regard to humor. Shenstone wrote his "Schoolmistress" as a burlesque, and it happens to be about the only poem that he wrote! The student of English Poetry, in its airier aspects, must read the satires of Churchill, the "Rolliad," and the "Odes" of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, as the student of nature must read the "Pastorals" of Browne, and Pope, the "Seasons" of Thomson, as well as Cowper's "Task," Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy," and the rural verses of Clare. It demands enthusiasm as well as patience; but it can be done, we suppose. The fact is, there is nothing that is really enjoyable in English Poetry, in the shape of light and playful verse, until we come to Byron's "Beppo" and "Don Juan."

The school of verse to which "Don Juan" belongs, and of which it is the first representative in the language, was transplanted by Byron from Italy, as everybody knows. Why it should not have been transplanted sooner, considering the fondness of the early English poets for Italian poetry, is a question into which we do not care to go now, further than to say that the men of Shakespeare's time were too much in earnest, for good or bad, to care for such delicate railery, outside of the drama, at least, while the men of the succeeding century had graver matters on hand. It might have come in with the Restoration, if the study of Italian literature had not given place to the study of French literature, in which its like did not exist. There were, we are told, French poets at this period, who brought *vers de société* to a greater perfection than it has ever since attained. If so, their English imitators have failed to reproduce their spirit. Who can, may find the lightness of Voiture in Prior: we should as soon go to Swift for it.

Wit in verse, in a large sense, dates from the publication of "Don Juan." It was not native to the language, as we have reminded the reader, and the English mind did not take kindly to it, although it persuaded itself that it did, at the time. "Don Juan" has had no successors, and the style of wit it introduced is extinct. It has produced something better than itself, however; at any rate it has produced something which is more English, and which promises to last longer. What this is, will recur to the readers of Præd, who has hit the taste of his countrymen, in one kind of witty verse, as Hood has hit it in another. As Præd conceived it, it was always allied with pathos; as Hood conceived it, it was always allied with humor. We laugh with Hood, we smile and sigh with Præd. No comparison between the two is possible; in the higher walk of poetry, Hood was so unmeasurably the superior, but in the lower walks, we prefer Præd to Hood, and, of course, to all his followers in England and America.

We hardly know how to classify Mr. C. S. Calverley, whose "Fly Leaves," have lately been republished by Messrs. Holt & Williams, but we should say that he occupied a middle ground between Hood and Præd. He has not the pathos of Præd, nor the humor of Hood, but a quality of his own, which in some respects is suggestive of both, and in other respects of neither, and which is unmistakably original. It is a sort of sarcasm or chaff, which evades strict definition, and is chiefly exercised upon the poets and poetry of the day. Mr. Calverley is a poet, or might be if he chose, but he has no respect for his gift, or not respect enough to exercise it seriously, so he merely uses it for his and our amusement.

He reflects the disgust which so many feel towards poetical affectation and pretense and is not afraid of laughing at the highest names. In his "Wanderers," for example, he burlesques Tennyson's "Brook," and in "The Cock and the Bull," Browning's "Ring and the Book." Here is the conclusion of the former, the singer being a traveling tinker:

"I loiter down by thorp and town;
For any job I'm willing;
Take here and there a dusty brown,
And here and there a shilling.

"I deal in every ware in turn,
I've rings for budding Sally,
That sparkle like those eyes of her'n;
I've liquor for the valet.

"I steal from the parson's strawberry-plots,
I hide by th' squire's covers;
I teach the sweet young housemaids what's
The art of trapping lovers.

"The things I've done 'neath moon and stars
Have got me into messes;
I've seen the sky through prison bars,
I've torn up prison dresses:

"I've sat, I've sighed, I've gloomed, I've glanced
With envy at the swallows,
That through the window slid, and danced
(Quite happy) round the gallows:

"But out again I come, and show
My face nor care a stiver;
For trades are brisk and trades are slow,
But mine goes on for ever."

"Thus on he prattled like a babbling brook.
Then I, 'The sun has slipped behind the hill,
And my aunt Vivian dines at half-past six.'
So in all love we parted; I to the Hall,
They to the village. It was noised next noon
That chickens had been missed at Syllabub Farm."

A little of the Calverley-Browning will answer as well as pages:

"You see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur
(You catch the paronomasia, play o' words?)
Did, rather i' the pre-Landseerian days.
Well, to my muttons. I purchased the concern,
And clapt it i' my poke, and gave for same
By way, to-wit, of barter or exchange—
'Chop' was my snickering dandiprat's own term—
One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the realm.
O-n-e one and f-o-u-r four
Pence, one and fourpence—you are with me, sir?—
What hour it skills not: ten or eleven o' the clock,
One day (and what a roaring day it was!)
In February, eighteen sixty-nine,
Alexandrina Victoria, Fidei
Hm—hm—how runs the jargon? being on throne.

Excuse me, sir, I think I'm going mad.
You see the trick on't, though, and can yourself
Continue the discourse *ad libitum*.
It takes up about eighty thousand lines,
A thing imagination boggles at:
And might, odds bobs, sir! in judicious hands,
Extend from here to Mesopotamy."

The sensuous love poetry of the period is well hit off in "Lovers, and a Reflection," which we commend to the attention of the younger American poets:

"In moss-pranked dells which the sunbeams flatter
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;
Meaning, however, is no great matter)
Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween;

"Thro' God's own heather we wonned together,
I and my Willie (O love my love!)
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
And flitterbats wavered aloof, above:

"Boats were curtsying, rising, bowing,
(Boats in that climate are so polite)
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,
And O the sun-dazzle on bark and bight!

"Thro' the rare red heather we danced together
(O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers:
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours:—

"By rises that flushed with their purple favors,
Thro' becks that brattled o'er grasses sheen,
We walked or waded, we two young shavers,
Thanking our stars we were both so green.

"O if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
Could be furled together, this genial weather,
And carted, or carried on wafts away,
Nor ever again trotted out—ay me!
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be."

The principle of the refrain which figures so largely in old ballad poetry, and frequently with such fine effect, is as much out of keeping in modern poetry as the Fool of the Shakspearean drama would be. Many living poets will not understand this, Mr. Rossetti among the number. If his "Troy Town" is a poem, Mr. Calverley's "Ballad" is another. But our readers shall judge of a few stanzas:

"The auld wife sat at her ivied door,
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her spectacles lay on her aproned knees.

"The piper he piped on the hill-top high,
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
Till the cow said 'I die, and the goose asked 'Why';
And the dog said nothing, but searched for fleas.

"The farmer he strode through the square farmyard;
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard—
The connection of which with the plot one sees.

"The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes;
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,
As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

"The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips;
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
If you try to approach her away she skips
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

"The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair;
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these."

We have given a sample of Mr. Calverley's volume, which we like for what it is. Whether it can be considered poetry, whether there can be such a thing as comic poetry, may be doubted; but not to enter into that question—it is excellent, and will give him a good position among living writers of light and graceful verse.

How far an author's last wishes, if he have any, in regard to his works, are to be respected, and how far they are to be disregarded, is an open question. Every author has the right to name the work by which he would elect to be judged, but the moment his works are published, he has no means of enforcing his judgment. He may attempt to withdraw from sale the books which he would prefer to have forgotten, but such attempts are seldom successful. Tennyson has been more fortunate in this particular than any writer of the time; but then the poems which he has suppressed were canceled before publication, when print is as good as manuscript. He canceled "A Lover's Story" in his poetic nonage, and so effectually, we believe, that no copy of it is known to exist. The first edition of Shelley's "Revolt of Islam" was so changed before

publication, and is so little known in its original form, as to rank among very rare books. Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" is another rare book, as Hawthorne wished it to be. "Whatever might do me credit," he wrote, "you may be pretty sure I should be ready enough to bring forward." We know what he would have done with "Septimius Felton" (J. R. Osgood & Co.); if he had lived, he would have finished it to his satisfaction, or he would have thrown it into the fire. We are glad that he did not burn it, and yet we are sorry that we have read it. It is disappointing, not only in the portions which are confessedly left unfinished—that, of course—but in the more finished portions, or those which appear to be such. Hawthorne had not matured his conception when he sat down to write, and was his best self only at intervals. His touch was less firm, though still that of the greatest master of English Prose Romance.

"Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's Tower
Unfinished must remain!"

IN "Three Books of Song" (James R. Osgood & Co.), we have Professor Longfellow at his ripest and best. Book First contains the second day of his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," of which the first series was published in 1863; Book Second, the sacred drama of "Judas Maccabæus"; and Book Third, "A Handful of Translations." From the last we pick two American popular songs:

THE SIEGE OF KAZAN.

"Black are the moors before Kazan,
And their stagnant waters smell of blood:
I said in my heart, with horse and man,
I will swim across this shallow flood.

"Under the feet of Argamack,
Like new moons were the shoes he bare,
Silken trappings hung on his back,
In a talisman on his neck, a prayer.

"My warriors, thought I, are following me;
But when I looked behind, alas!
Not one of all the band could I see,
All had sunk in the black morass!

"Where are our shallow fords? and where
The power of Kazan with its fourfold gates?
From the prison windows our maidens fair
Talk of us still through the iron grates.

"We cannot hear them; for horse and man
Lie buried deep in the dark abyss!
Ah! the black day hath come down on Kazan
Ah! was ever a grief like this?"

THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

"Down from yon distant mountain height
The brooklet flows through the village street;
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes washing, there he stands,
In the water cool and sweet.

"Brook, from what mountain dost thou come?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I come from yon mountain high and cold,
Where lieth the new snow on the old,
And melts in the summer heat.

"Brook, to what river dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the river there below,
Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet.

"Brook, to what garden dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the garden in the vale
Where all night long the nightingale
Her love-song doth repeat.

"Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the fountain at whose brink
The maid that loves thee comes to drink,
And whenever she looks therein,
I rise to meet her and kiss her chin,
And my joy is then complete."

A VERY useful, and therefore allowable addition to the list of Homeopathic manuals is "Humphrey's Homeopathic Mentor, or Family Adviser in the Use of Specific Homeopathic Medicine." By F. Humphreys, M. D. It is an excellent missionary for the new and certainly growing school of medicine. Perhaps, next to the genuine work of honest success in the bedrooms, it is one of the most successful adjuncts the Homeopathic school enjoys; for many families will "feel" of Homeopathy through these "specifics," in a timid and covert way; and, finding greater success and a pleasanter mode of medication, they will become emboldened to seek assistance openly from the Homeopathic physician; and thus glide, by an easy and pleasant experience, to pleasant things in physic.

THE great care necessary, in reproducing by the graver all the effects of the pencil, and the continual recurrence of mooted questions of liability for defects in the final result, rendering it impossible to decide positively or fairly, owing to the obliteration of the original drawing in the process of engraving, suggested to the publishers of THE ALDINE the advantage of copying the original drawings on the block before placing them in the hands of the engraver. To this end, they had recourse to Mr. Rockwood, of 845 Broadway, who has the reputation of being one of the most skillful and artistic photographers in this country. The proofs from his negatives have surprised and delighted every artist who has examined them—few having the least idea that such work could be produced outside of Munich or Berlin. An added excellence in the plates of THE ALDINE may be fairly credited to his skillful coöperation; and as fairly may THE ALDINE be credited for the demonstration of such splendid proficiency of American Photographic Art. A sincere effort to achieve the highest standard of excellence in any one, cannot fail to exert a most healthful influence upon the development of all branches of Art, and in this fact lies the chief claim of THE ALDINE upon the American public.

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SCENE ON THE CATAWBA RIVER. N. C.—R. E. PIERCE.